THE

SPIRIT

OF

TURRETVILLE:

OR, THE

MYSTERIOUS RESEMBLANCE.

A

ROMANCE

OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY:

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Saw the pale Spectre issue from the Tomb,
When clatt'ring Armour cas'd each Warrior bold;
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

SPIRIT

OF

TURRETVILLE.

CHAP. XIII.

A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.

SHAKESPEARE.

LEAVING the castle to the care of Jasper, they departed for Southampton: where, the wind being fair, they immediately embarked, and the next morning arrived safely at Cherbourg.

At Cherbourg they staid no longer than to refresh themselves, taking the road to Vezelay: there they found the whole world in arms.

The Germans, Italians, French, and English, amounted to one hundred thousand men, commanded by the kings of England and of France in person.

Sir Thomas waited on Richard, afterwards called Cœur de Lion; who gave him written instructions, and in a short time the multitude put itself in motion.

Lady Greyfort and Emilia, who travelled in the rear, often, from some high hill, beheld the army in the plain below: to them it appeared an enormous moving monster.

Indeed it was soon found inconvenient for

for so large a body of men to travel in company; and it was agreed that Richard, separating at Lyons, should proceed to Marseilles alone.

Not finding his fleet there as he expected, he hired vessels for his own suite, and setting sail for Sicily landed at Salerno.

Meantime his vessels arriving, the troops embarked, and arrived safely at Messina.

Hither Richard followed to procure them accommodation; and finding that the King of France already occupied the town, he very readily quartered in the suberbs.

Scarcely were they disembarked, when Hugh led his men to air and exercise on a plain near Naples, as the King hap-

pened to be returning from his favourite diversion of tilting.

Seeing such a compact company, Richard stopped his horse, became interested, and resolved to stay till they should have gone through their manœuvres. These being gone through with their accustomed variety, boldness, quickness, and dexterity; and Hugh having observed strangers, he very gallantly paid them the compliment of the salute.

"Who are you?" said Richard.

The Baron de Rockenalt, who was a favourite on account of his great fortune, courage, and his having abetted Richard in all his unnatural rebellions, exclaimed with a convulsive laugh, "The bastard and his banditti!"

"I am,

"I am, Sire," replied Hugh, "under the protection of Sir Thomas Greyfort: these men are following your standard in gratitude for their pardons."

"Well, well," cried the monarch, "make all this parade turn to proper account, and you shall not lose your reward."

Amusements of every kind took place. Emilia became the reigning belle at Messina; and Hugh suffered those pangs that ever accompany true love, the fear of losing his Deity.

In the crowd of suiters that attended her levee, was one more pressing than the rest: he called himself Count Luzzi; and presented to Sir Thomas a schedule of property. The Knight found him extremely rich, and thought he might make an eligible husband.

On consulting his daughter, however, he found her extremely averse from the union.

"What is your objection?"

Emilia was embarrassed; in a moment, however, she recollected a reason likely to conciliate Sir Thomas's prejudices:

"He is not an Englishman."

The Knight smiled.—"Well, I'll not forbid him on that account: you may think more worthily of him."

In the afternoon Count Luzzi called, and, as Emilia declined seeing him, invited William and Hugh to the city.

They entered an Hotel, and were shewn to an apartment, where sat two persons,

persons, the Count's friends: wine flowed briskly, and the conversation, such as it was, did not flag, although it was entirely supported by the Messenians, its grossness having disgusted the Englishmen, who conceived, from this specimen, no very favourable idea of their companions.

Dice were proposed by Count Luzzi, and agreed to with reluctance by his friends: William had no objection, but Hugh never played. The Count and William were partners.

They lost a little, then gained a great deal; fortune however shifted again, and they lost much more than they had ever won: anxious to recover at once, they staked large sums, which they successively lost, and with a rapidity that awaked Hugh's suspicion.

He observed that all this time the Count was carelessly picking his teeth; and thinking it too trifling an employment under such circumstances, watched his motions minutely, and soon found his observations productive of intelligence. He saw that every time it came to the Count's turn to throw, he took dice out of his mouth, which he dexterously contrived to change for others; and some manœuvering on the part of the Count's friends, which he could not understand, convinced him that all three were sharpers.

He waited in silence till an opportunity occurred, and then taking the Count's hand, wrested the dice from it: saying with great coolness, "William, you are cheated."

The Count advanced toward his chair. "Menial," said he, "unworthy of my sword, thou

thou liest."—The next moment, one blow from Hugh laid him at his length on the floor, with no inclination to rise.

Meantime, his friends advanced with their drawn swords, threatening to massacre Hugh.

"No, gentlemen; I claim the honour of exchanging a thrust with one of you," said William. "Two to one is murder."

Their quarrel was with Hugh; they did not wish to hurt William. William, nevertheless, would not give up the point, though Hugh smilingly requested him.

When Hugh's antagonist advanced, "Sir," said Hugh, "believe me you had better retire and say nothing about this scandalous affair: I see you are a sharper."

"In one respect I am," replied the man; "my weapon shall prove it."

"Well Sir, if you do not take my advice I will thrash you most soundly."

He was disarmed in an instant by Hugh, who beat him with his own sword till he bellowed for mercy; and then kicked him down the stairs. Returning, he was met by William, who exclaimed, "I fear I have killed my adversary: it is time to fly."

They lost no time in leaving the city, and arrived at home in safety.

The Messenians, finding that they had escaped, arose, and drove all the English out of the city, shutting its gates.

Phillip, King of France, at the request of

of Tancred, King of Messina, waited upon Richard to adjust the quarrel. The dice were produced and found to be false.

"But how dare you," said Richard, being of ignoble birth, strike a Roman Count."

"I trust I am a man, my Leige," replied Hugh; "and as such, bound to resist villainy wherever I meet it."

A messenger entered from Sir Hugh le Brun, saying that the Messenians had made a sally, and attacked his quarters with dreadful slaughter.

"Now then," said Richard to Hugh, "prove yourself a man, by driving those poltroons to their city; and d'ye hear take it from them.

Hugh fled; his men only waited for orders. "Now," said Hugh, "prove the value of your promises: all I ask is support."

They galloped to the attack—the column was irresistible—the Messenians fled, rallied, and fled again.

Sir Thomas and William now arrived, and soon after them Richard, who swore to take the town before he slept.

It was vigorously attacked: the treacherous King of France endeavoured to preserve it, killing three Englishmen with his own bow from the walls; but in vain; the impetuosity of the English was not to be withstood.—A breach was made, the city taken by storm, and given up to be plundered.

"Who

"Who were first to enter the breach?" said Richard.

"The bastard and his banditti."

"Who planted my standard?"

"The bastard."

"I wish," replied he, "all my officers were bastards, and all my men banditti: I should not then want Philip's assistance to take Jerusalem."

Hugh's men for the first time had a taste of booty; and though, in consequence of Tancred's paying an immense sum, the plunder was ordered to be restored, they who had exacted only money, and spent it all, could not be expected to refund.

Richard

Richard, ever mindful of bravery, sent for Hugh, and told him in the presence of the Court, that he was sorry his low birth did not allow him to be knighted; but said he, "here is a purse as some sort of compensation."

"My Liege," said the youth, "I take your favour with gratitude, and with your permission the banditti shall divide it.

"The bastard, my Liege," darting a look at Lord Rockenalt, that struck on his heart, "feels the insults he must daily endure, without the power of retaliation; and fights for fame, that he may one day revenge. Honour is his aim, and he has sworn, living or dead, to attain it."

"Thou art a bold fellow," said Richard,

Richard, "and I see that thou wilt have it, though thou getest it by force."

Sir Thomas, having made enquiry, found that though Count Luzzi had once been rich, he had lost his fortune to gamblers; and had at length become a gambler himself for subsistence: so that the Knight once more avoided distress by means of his adopted child.

Nor was he backward in his acknowledgments, endeavouring to make amends for the scoffing that youth received, by treating him with respect and affection in his own family.

"O!" sighed Hugh, "how easily might he make amends by approving my passion."

Emilia was allowed to be denied to every foreigner; and having obtained her

her father's permission to remain single to the age of twenty-one years, if she chose it, few Englishmen could reach her presence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs.

TEMPEST.

What art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine, an heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger.

SHAKESPEARE.

A circumstance happened one evening, that set the disposition of the Baron in the most striking point of view.

William, Hugh, and Emilia, were enjoying the sea breezes in the harbour of Messina,

Messina, when the Baron approached in another boat: he insisted upon coming into theirs; but stepping on its side for that purpose, the boat instantly upset, and precipitated the whole party into the water.

No other boat was near. Hugh took Emilia under one arm, and, buffeting the waves with the other, reached the shore without difficulty. William being an expert swimmer followed: the boatman had got upon the bottom of the bark and was secure; but the Baron, swimming for his life, vociferated that he should be drowned, and implored assistance.

Hugh immediately left Emilia with William, and swam back to the Baron. As he approached, he cautioned the Baron not to lay hold on him, for that would inevitably be the destruction of both:

both: promising to keep his head above the water.

The Baron was too much alarmed, and too ready to catch at any assistance, to attend to this useful injunction. He seized Hugh round the waist, and, lifting his head on the youth's back, left him to proceed without making himself the smallest exertion.

Hugh felt that the abominable weight must soon sink him; but the Baron, stupified with his danger, paid no regard to his remonstrance.

He therefore with slow and steady strokes made toward the shore, and had nearly reached it when he felt himself sinking. He had already given himself over, when, feeling with his feet, he found the ground: the water being still above his chin.

The

The Baron was still in a state of insensibility, from which no endeavour of Hugh could rouze him; who, as he gazed on his ugly vacant countenance, could not help exclaiming, "Can this be the man who received me with so much insolence at Rockenalt?" A sentiment of contempt followed.

As the tide increased, and Hugh could not get forward with his burthen, he began to consider what to do.—"Tweak his nose," said a voice from the shore.

He had often heard of the efficacy of this operation, and resolved to try it. The first twinge opened the Baron's eyes: fearing a relapse, he repeated the dose, increasing the quantity. The Baron bellowed like a bull, to the great entertainment of a number of spectators on shore; who waited to see what Sea-calf should

should be produced. At length, becoming perfectly sensible, he moved with sufficient expedition, and they soon reached the strand.

Emilia, unable to contain her joy, flew toward and embraced Hugh: crying, "Generous, generous youth, how nearly hadst thou lost thy life to preserve an enemy's!"

The crowd, hearing her exclamation, were unanimous in praise of Hugh, but gave the Baron no quarter.

"He was Mount Vesuvius that had taken a watry excursion.—You might know him by his volcano," by which they meant his nose—"He was a sea hedgehog of extraordinary size and quality: witness the curious squeak when his snout was attacked!"

The

The Baron, who recollected this indecorous affair, advanced in a threatening attitude toward Hugh; and asked, "How he could have had the presumption to treat him with such indignity?"

"By that necessary operation," replied the youth, "I saved your life. Strike me if you think proper; but remember my Lord, I can and will defend myself."

The crowd swore such a monster deserved to be thrown into the sea again: and in all probability they would have done him that favour, had he not with hasty steps retired from the shore.

When the party arrived at home, Sir Thomas and Lady Greyfort declared that they would never attempt to thank Hugh again. There were not in language words to express the weight of their obligations.

The

The Baron complained of the indignity he had suffered to the King.

Richard attempted to sooth him, but laughed heartily in his absence; swearing "the bastard was a dev'lish brave and witty fellow."

A few days after this, Hugh observed that all his motions were watched by three men, who, from their appearance, he thought had a design on his life. He informed his Lieutenant of it, and, desiring him to select a proper number of men, resolved to ascertain the fact.

Every thing being prepared, he and William took a walk, to visit the ruin of a Roman Villa. They soon discovered that they were followed, and already anticipated the success of their scheme. The men entered the building at the same time,

time, as if with the same intention: Hugh smiling at their cognoscenti faces.

They now entered a cavern, expecting to be followed: nor were they disappointed.—The Ruffians dropt in one by one, and sought opportunity to do the execrable deed without observation.

Hugh and William, setting their backs against the wall, drew their swords. The Assassins finding their designs discovered, drew their stilettos and approached.

"Stop gentlemen," said Hugh; "I am thoroughly sensible of the favour you intend me, and have accordingly provided you with situations befitting your merits.—Lieutenant, conduct these gentlemen to the apartments provided for them.

The

The Lieutenant and his band were at the door. The Assassins fell on their knees and begged for mercy.

"That," said William, "will depend upon your discovery of your employers."

"O Jesu! to discover our employers would ruin our reputation, and the gentlemen cannot be so cruel as to desire that."

They suffered themselves to be bound without resistance; and, in the midst of the soldiers, followed by Hugh and William, set forward toward Messina.

On the road they were met by Richard, who, seeing such dark looking fellows pinioned, asked what they were. "The bastard, Sire," replied Hugh, "is become

a man of consequence: Assassins are employed to destroy him."

"By whom were they employed?"

"Perhaps, my Liege, they will answer their Prince."

"Speak!—Who employed you?"

The Assassins could not refuse a King. "It was the Count Luzzi, and the Baron de Rockenalt."

"You my Lord?" said Richard, surveying him with indignation.

The Baron stammered, hesitated, but at length pronounced, "No, upon my honour."

The honour of a Baron was not to be doubted;

doubted; nevertheless, Richard, scowling on him with contempt, said, "Remember, my Lord, if any harm happen to this youth, you shall severely answer for it: Hugh, henceforward consider yourself under my immediate protection. Deliver your prisoners to the civil power of Messina; and since they have confessed, pray the judges, in my name, to pass as lenient a sentence as the law allows."

When they returned home, and told the circumstances of the evening, Emilia fainted at the idea of the danger they had escaped: Lady Greyfort tenderly blamed them for exposing themselves; but Sir Thomas applauded both scheme and execution, and, no longer able to resist the evidence of the Baron's depravity, swore that such a monster deserved to be hunted round the world.

The family party made ample amends to Hugh for all his sufferings; and his pillow was smoothed with that sweet lullaby—a conscience void of offence.

When the Baron was alone, and began to consider the consequences of this unlucky discovery, he cursed it in every direction, vowing revenge on all parties, not excepting the King himself.

He resolved to terminate, in one way or the other, his suit to Emilia, that his mind might be more at leisure to consider how he might best accomplish his purposes: and he repaired to Richard early in the morning, for his recommendation to Sir Thomas Greyfort.

Richard had interfered a great deal with the marriages of his nobles: he had even caused his father's Seneschal to be divorced,

divorced, because, being of ignoble origin, he had married a gentlewoman.

The Baron was therefore not without hope that the King might even oblige the Knight to consent, when he should hear his story.

Richard was surprized at the application: "The Baron, forty years of age, bulky, and ordinary to a proverb, aspire to the Belle of Messina, who had rejected some of the handsomest noblemen in his army. "Have you ever," said he, "given reason to the family to suppose you a suitor?"

The Baron assured the Monarch it was very well understood; and that he was a favourite of the lady herself.

Richard smiled:—"Well," said he, "I'll go with you."

The Baron was overjoyed at the honour.

Richard's real motive was to see a lady whom every person praised.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Nay, my Lords, ceremony
Was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds: hollow welcomes.

SHAKESPEARE.

THEY would not suffer themselves to be announced, but entered a parlour where the family was at breakfast.

If Sir Thomas was surprized at this visit, Richard was not less pleased. There was an appearance of happiness

in every countenance, that he had never before witnessed.

"Sir Thomas," said he, "I am come to breakfast with you."—Hugh presented a chair.—"But I will not suffer an individual to quit his seat: forget the King and treat me as a friend."

Encouraged by his manner, that cheerful conversation prevailed, which can only be the effect of good breeding on well informed minds.

Richard was not struck with Emilia's person: he liked that bold commanding beauty, properly called masculine; but in the course of his visit, he was delighted with her talent for conversation, flattered by the new and delicate compliments that she paid him, and charmed with her gentle insinuating manners.

"Sir

"Sir Thomas," at length said the King, "I am a suitor in behalf of my friend to your fair daughter: he informs me, that you are no stranger to his passion, and that Emilia approves it."

The surprize with which this information was received, convinced Richard that he had been imposed upon; and he darted an angry look on the Baron.

Sir Thomas replied, "It is true, my Liege, something was hinted to me on that subject; but I recollect turning a deaf ear to the informer: for, considering the inequality of their ages only, I thought it reflected on the Baron's understanding."

The Baron bit his lip till it bled.

"What says Emilia?" exclaimed Richard.

Emilia, more lovely in blushes, replied, "My Liege, the Baron has never made any other tender to me, than what the laws of gallantry allow." Richard smiled. "It is true I have received one favour at his hands on the ground of humanity; for which I am ready to make any return in my power, but that of my happiness."

"My Liege! my Liege!" roared the Baron, "does not your Majesty see through all this? She is in love with the bastard; but I know you will not sanction such unequal matches." Emilia and Hugh blushed in union; but the King immediately speaking, they recovered before it was perceived.

"What proof have ye?"

The guilty pair trembled!

"Why

"Why Sire," replied the Baron, "when the bastard reached the shore, after treating me with so much indignity, Emilia flew toward and embraced him in the sight of a hundred persons."

"I should think," said Sir Thomas, "that this emotion was only the natural effect of gratitude to her deliverer. The Baron, it seems, has another method of shewing his sense of such an obligation."

"Hold," said Richard, "the Baron's honour is pledged on that subject, and must not be trifled with. I own," said he, gazing at Hugh, whose graceful figure and open countenance won his favour: "that if I could be tempted to break through the rules I have prescribed against unequal marriages, it would be in this instance."

"Sire," said Sir Thomas, "he has pledged his word not to injure the peace of my family; and truly, I would sooner trust the simple assertion of an honest man, than the honour of some nobles."

The Baron's countenance worked with passion, and he was about to speak when Hugh thus addressed him:

"My Lord," (this word was always hateful coming from Hugh; something disagreeable was sure to follow.) "You have provoked me to say what I fear will give you pain; but as it will also put you on your guard, and direct you how to proceed in an affair of such consequence to yourself, I trust that you will forgive me. I would not advise you to marry; you will soon have sufficient employment without it."

The ironical gravity of this address made the Baron tremble.

"My Lord, the son of a certain Setary is still living."—

The Baron turned pale as death.

"You recollect a certain transaction in the vault of the castle? One word more—beware of the bastard."

The Baron endeavoured to conceal the emotion that agitated him by looking out of the window. Richard, who had been examining Hugh's features, had not attended to his speech; but as he finished, exclaimed, "Hugh, your's is a face with which I am very well acquainted—By Heaven, it is Riverford's face! don't you think so my Lord?—you ought to know."

Receiving

Receiving no answer, he perceived the Baron to be in a fit: water was brought and wine poured down his throat: at length he recovered, desiring the King's permission to depart.

"You certainly," said the Monarch to Hugh, "are Riverford's son; but he had no legitimate offspring: you must be provided for. You say you fight for fame: how can you expect fame, when slander, whose trumpet is so much louder, rings incessantly in your ears?"

"In spite of all opposition," said Hugh, "the approbation of King Richard is fame, and that I am resolved to obtain."

"Thou bidst fair for it, boy," said Richard; "but I must take my leave. Lady Greyfort, will you give me permission to repeat my visit in the society of your

your happy and engaging family: I should relax with pleasure from the cares of business."

Lady Greyfort thanked him for the honour: he kissed her hand, saluted Emilia, and shook hands with the Knight and William. "Remember, Hugh," said he, "my approbation is not to be obtained without hard fighting."

"I have a boon to ask," said Hugh. "Will your Majesty give me permission to act independent of all commanders but yourself?"

Richard paused:—At length he replied, "I perceive your aim, and grant your request. Richard left them delighted with his condescension, and charmed with his engaging manners. They wondered at the proposal of the Baron, and lamented that the oath of unanimity obliged

obliged them to keep terms with him: they also thought it necessary to keep a strict watch on his conduct.

Hugh began to complain of wasting time at Messina; especially, as on account of his birth he could not partake of the court amusements; which, as tournaments had been abolished in consequence of the many accidents attending them, was tilting in the Moorish manner with canes.

At length the appointed time arrived: Philip embarked his men and proceeded, escorted by Richard, who returned to Messina.

Soon afterward Richard gave orders t follow; and, taking an affectionate and tender adieu of Lady Greyfort and Emilia, our heroes put to sea.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a Lion in a herd of Neat;
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.

SHAKESPEARE.

A STORM arising, they bore away for Crete, where Richard heard with indignation, that, two of his best ships being stranded at Cyprus, Isaac, the King of that island, had cruelly and unjustly made prisoners of their crews and plundered their cargoes; but what exasperated him much more than this, was, that Isaac had refused shelter to the ship that bore

bore his sister, the Queen Dowager of Sicily, and his betrothed wife Berengaria, which lay without the harbour, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather.

He set sail for Cyprus immediately; but, unwilling to lose time, contented himself with demanding his people, and the restoration of his property.

Receiving an insolent answer, he disembarked troops, found Isaac ready to receive him, and a battle ensued.

At the beginning of the engagement, Hugh was seen filing off to the left with his men at full gallop; he made a circuit, and coming down with his usual impetuosity on the rear of Isaac's army, put it into confusion; which was followed by universal rout, and such complete defeat, that Richard took possession of the capital that very day.

"What

"What horse were those that so successfully attacked the rear of the enemy?"

"The bastard and his banditti."

Next morning Richard was surprized to see the Cypriots drawn up on a plain, and offering to renew the contest. He was not accustomed to refuse an offer of this kind, gratified their desire, and gained a second victory.

"What horsemen were those that so critically arrived to the support of the centre, when almost overpowered by the foe: fighting on foot?"

"The bastard and his banditti."

This victory was followed by a surrender of the whole island. Isaac gave himself up on condition that he should not be

be put in irons. Richard reproached him with meanness and cruelty, and ordered him to be bound with silver fetters.

The King stayed no longer than to espouse Berengaria, and settle the government of the island; setting forward on his expedition.

As they approached Acon, they beheld something like an enormous castle floating on the sea: as they drew nearer, they discovered it to be a vessel carrying provision to the besieged: it had seven decks, and was commanded by seven Admirals.

This being ascertained, Richard gave orders for the attack. It was a long time before any impression could be made: at last, scaling ladders were brought,

brought, and Richard soon had the satisfaction of seeing the red cross fly at the mast head of the huge Carratt.

"Who planted it?"

"The bastard."

"Excellent!" cried Richard; "I wish I were the father of that bastard."

At Messina Hugh had often seen a Monk that won very much on his heart: he appeared to be young, was extremely handsome, and delicate as a woman. Hugh learnt that he was going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but his earnest enquiries were no farther gratified. The Monk was silent and reserved, yet seemed to seek his company; and a tear often trickled down his cheek as he gazed on the youth.

'Do

"Do you know me?" said Hugh.

"I think I do."

"Who do you suppose me to be?"

"The son of Sir Henry Riverford."

Here the conversation ended; all Hugh's art could lead it no further.

Arrived at Acoh, they found the siege had proceeded but slowly; the taking of the Carratt, however, raised the hope of the besiegers, and filled the besieged with despair.

There was a temporary fortress on the side of the rock that incessantly annoyed the combined army, and defeated all their advances.

"I wish we could take that Jackall," said

said Richard, "the Lion would soon follow."

The night was dark and tempestuous. Hugh summoned his men: they ascended with great difficulty a distant part of the rock, and coming down upon the fort in good order, were mistaken for a relief expected from the garrison. The gates were opened without hesitation, and immediately occupied by Hugh's men. The Commandant was ordered to be summoned, and, being told the state of the case, was overwhelmed with surprize; and having no more men than Hugh, was obliged to submit to the superior fortune of his adversary. The men were scarcely disarmed, when the relief for which Hugh's men had been mistaken, arrived, were admitted, and suffered the fate of their countrymen with no more opposition.

Richard

Richard rose early; the first thing that struck his sight was his own standard hoisted on the temporary fort of Acon.

"Who has done this?"

Nobody could tell.

"Who is missing?"

"The horses of the banditti were safe, but their riders could not be found."

Setting fire to the fort, Hugh descended the hill with his prisoners. When the garrison of Acon were fully aware of this misfortune, they resolved to make a sally, and, if possible, to recover a hundred of their best archers. The besiegers however, aware of their intention, were ready to receive them, and drove them back with confusion and loss.

The

The besieged were now reduced to the last extremity, and resolved to make one desperate effort to raise the siege. They were seen pouring down the rock in prodigious numbers, and forming at the base.

Richard was not lost to himself: he rode through the ranks, encouraging the men, telling them that in all probability that day would decide the fate of Acon. Every one had his orders; and Hugh hovered on the skirts of the army, till something should decide his destination.

The attack began; and after several hours severe fighting, Hugh saw the centre, commanded by the King in person, giving way; so that Richard, who never looked behind him in an engagement, was left with a few followers, fighting in the midst of the enemy, and unconscious

of his danger; the Baron de Rockenalt, who commanded in person, having given way.

Hugh directed the attention of his troop to this circumstance, set off at full speed, and was soon in the thickest of the engagement: with a voice like a trumpet, he ordered the troops to make way, and arrived at a moment when the King's horse was killed under him.

"My liege," said he, "your men have retreated, and you are in the midst of the enemy."

The King looked and saw that it was true.

"Take my horse," said Hugh, dismounting; "nothing but your exertion can save us from defeat."

He

He then assisted Richard to mount, who retreated with his face to the enemy, covered by the banditti.

Hugh also was retreating, fighting as he went: he had refused a horse, saying, that, he could as well fight on foot as any of his men.

They had nearly got out of the reach of danger, when an English trooper, advancing toward Hugh, struck him violently on the head with a battle-axe, and brought him to the ground: he then set spurs to his horse and fled; the Lieutenant followed; but finding himself not likely to overtake the villain, he discharged an arrow that effected his purpose, and led him immediately into the presence of Richard.

Richard swore he would inflict the most horrid tortures, if he did not disco-

ver his employers; and promised pardon in case he should.

It was the Baron de Rockenalt.

Meantime, the banditti continued to retire, and Hugh was left in the hands of the enemy, who lost no time in conveying him to Acon.

Richard, having rallied those who fled, again advanced to the spot where he supposed Hugh lay; but not finding him, his fury became ungovernable. "Dastards!" said he to the banditti, "where is your commander?"

The men, thus reproached, advanced with irresistible force, and the enemy fled in every direction.

The King immediately sent a flag to Acon, offering exchange for Hugh: the governor,

governor, however, returned for answer, "That he knew too well what mischief the prisoner had done; that it was he who had set fire to their fort, and prevented the King of England from falling into their hands; and that in conformity to the wishes of the garrison and inhabitants, who were regardless of the consequences, he was sentenced to be flayed alive, and suffered to expire in the sun on the following day.

"We must attack the Citadel to night," said Richard.

He then convened his officers, and stated to them the atrocity of the Baron de Rockenalt; who, not content with having deserted him, and provoked by nothing but the virtues of the youth, had attempted the life of him who had preserved that of his Sovereign.

"Let him be dismissed with infamy."

Lord Rockenalt was summoned: the insignia of his order, which was that of the Confessor, taken from him, and he was ordered to quit Palestine immediately on pain of death.

As he entered the vessel prepared for him, he was asked whither he chose to be conveyed? "To Messina," was the reply; for he resolved to wreak his vengeance first on Lady Greyfort and Emilia; but when he arrived, he learnt that those ladies had retired to a Convent, and would not grant an interview to all his petitions. He therefore retired to England, and shut himself up in his Castle, to brood over his shame and his crimes, and to plan new schemes of vengeance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

———Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty.

SHAKESPEARE.

MEANTIME Hugh was plunged into a dungeon, with no other consolation than that of knowing the sentence which had been passed upon him.

"Here then," said he, "must I finish my career; but it affords me satisfaction that I have in some degree performed my oath. The means have been nearly

compassed—but the end—O Spirit of Turretville! who shall now avenge thee?—O generous, lovely Emilia! the thought of parting from thee gives my heart a pang, that death, with all its horrors, cannot inflict. May angels, whose purity she emulates, watch over and shield from evil, the most innocent, most virtuous of her sex."

The time passed heavily along till midnight, when, oppressed with thought and sorrow, he fell into a sort of doze.

He was soon, however, awaked by a strong light near his eyes, and on looking up, beheld the ghastly Spirit of Turretville.

In a solemn tone of voice it exclaimed, "Follow me." The youth rose and obeyed in silence. As they proceeded, the Spirit pointed to a dress that lay on the ground.

ground. 'Twas a Mameluke's cloak and turban: Hugh put them on. Wherever the Spirit came, the guards fell back with affright: on approaching the gates, they opened of themselves, and Hugh found himself without the walls of Acon. "That way leads to the camp," cried his mysterious companion; and in an instant he was left in total darkness.

Proceeding cautiously, he reached the foot of the hill, where the sound of many footsteps met his ear.

Presently he was accosted with "Who goes there?" Hugh knew the voice of his Lieutenant, and replied, "Your Commander."

The joy his men felt on so miraculously recovering their Captain was boundless: they took him on their shoul-

ders and bore him in triumph to Richard's pavillion.

"So, so," said Richard, "the miscreant has sent you without ransom to deprecate my wrath. By Saint Paul, if he had put his threats into execution, I would have served every prisoner in my possession the same good turn."

"Indeed, Sire, I was delivered by a Spirit, and am not at all indebted to the Governor of Acon."

"By a Spirit! pho, pho, it was a trick of some handsome woman who had heard of your courage, and did not like to see a brave fellow suffer. We must endeavour to discover and reward her.—But can we take the fortress by storm to night?"

"Your

"Your Majesty would but expose your soldiers unnecessarily. The besieged have not a day's provision in the garrison: I am convinced they will surrender to-morrow."

"We will wait then; and Hugh," taking a diamond from his finger, "wear this ring for my sake; I shall not forget you when an opportunity of remembering you to advantage shall occur."

Though the King gave no credit to Hugh's account of his escape by supernatural means, his patron and his friend William were no sceptics. "It seems," said the Knight, "that the eye of Heaven is upon you: my curiosity is, I hope, without crime. I certainly am desirous of knowing what will be the result of this frequent interference of Providence."

In the morning, armed men, their spears being reversed, were seen parading the walls of Acon, with muffled drums and all the parade of an execution, inviting the English to the spectacle. They were seen again in confusion, whilst loud shouts from the British Army proclaimed the safety of Hugh.

Toward the middle of the day, a flag arrived, with offers to surrender the place on certain conditions.

"'Tis I," replied the King, "that am to prescribe conditions.

"Surrender the fortress—

"Give up all property—

"And redeem your heads with two thousand Byzantines.

"Take

"Take your own time to consider of them."

Hard as these terms were, the besieged were obliged to comply.

Richard's prowess, judgment, and munificence, during this siege, had reduced the King of France to a cypher; he, however, took his share of the capture, and then, pleading ill health, asked permission to return to France, with the laudable intention of attacking Richard's dominions, whilst he was engaged in the service of a faith which both equally professed abroad.

Richard, who perceived his design, consented with difficulty, exacting an oath that Philip should do nothing to his prejudice in his absence.

Philip

Philip immediately returned to Italy, and went directly to Rome, entreating the Pope to absolve him from this, as well as the original oath of the crusade, which he had not performed. He obtained, however, but the half of his errand, and was threatened with excommunication, should he swerve from his engagements with the King of England in the smallest article.

The whole care of the war now devolved upon Richard, who, having repaired and garrisoned Acon, proceeded along the sea shore toward Cesarēa; where he found Saladine ready to fall upon him as he should ford a river.

Hugh, being made acquainted with the King's intention to give battle, crossed the river in the face of the whole army; and finding it not to be fordable, his horses

horses having swam the whole time, sent his Lieutenant to inform Richard of it, and to point out a place more wide, and consequently more shallow. The Lieutenant was first to enter, and his horse having kept ground, he made the proper signal to the King, and took his station in the rear of his men, who were already engaged with the enemy.

This small body of men, close as a wedge, withstood the whole force of Saladine's Army; the English engaging, indeed, as they came up: at length the battle became general, and victory as usual declared for Richard, who left forty thousand of the enemy dead on the field.

Saladine now ordered the cities of Cesarea, Joppa, and Ascalon to be dismantled, and their garrisons to join his army: but Richard caused the two former

mer to be repaired; still continuing to advance, till he approached the town of Rama, before which he found Saladine's army drawn up, and still more numerous than ever.

Another engagement commenced. Hugh saw the enemy dispirited, and was congratulating himself on the prospect of an easy victory, when a large body of Arabian horse, which had lain in wait for that purpose, bore down on the rear of the combined army. He had this day been reinforced with Sir Thomas Greyfort's and William's troop, Richard foreseeing that the enemy would make much use of his cavalry on so fine a plain. He intercepted the enemy, and though his force was much inferior in number, the slender coursers of Arabia were but ill calculated to withstand his heavy horse, and fled at the first onset.

Saladine

Saladine seeing this troop, from which he had expected so much, entirely routed, grew spiritless himself: the English, whose animation increased from the same cause, pressed forward, and the enemy, gradually giving ground, at length fled in confusion.

Some urged Richard to advance and take Rama; but the Knights Templars, who were in the French interest, prevailed on him to retire to Ascalon, which he fortified at his own expence.

Accounts from England now stated, that Longchamp had been dismissed from his office with ignominy, on account of his maladministration, and the Archbishop of Rouen placed at the head of affairs. This worthy Prelate sent repeated letters, pressing Richard to return; and informing him, that the King of France had invaded Normandy, and was in

treaty

treaty with his brother John to deprive him of his crown. The dissentions also which prevailed in his army, between Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, and Guy de Lusignan, respecting the crown of Jerusalem; and the reduction his troops had suffered in consequence of so many battles, added to the shameful desertion of the Duke of Burgundy, rendered it impossible, notwithstanding the incredible efforts of Richard, to accomplish the purpose of the expedition.

He therefore convened his Nobles, informing them of the state of his affairs, and the consequent necessity of his return to England; and that he must agree to a truce with Saladine. He then addressed them in the following manner:

"My Lords,

"I wish to direct your attention to a "certain youth, of low birth, but of noble

"daring,

" daring, who must be known to every
" individual in the combined armies.
" I mean the youth who planted my
" standard on the walls of Messina;
" who in the first battle at Cyprus, threw
" the army of the enemy into confusion,
" and in the second so well supported
" the centre of our own. He who waved
" the red cross at the mast head of the
" monstrous carract: who burnt the fort
" at Acon and saved the life of his Sove-
" reign: who at the action of Cesarea,
" with only fifty companions, sustained
" for a necessary time the pressure of the
" foe; and at that of Rama, with a de-
" tachment of horse, greatly inferior in
" numbers, defeated a body of Arabian ca-
" valry, and secured the fortune of the day.

" Had I consulted my own inclination
" only, he would long ago have been
" rewarded with those honours, which
" in

"in my opinion it would be injustice to "withhold any longer: but I know he "has a soul above obtruding himself "on your order; I ask therefore if the "laurels he has gathered will not shade "the infamy of his birth, and justify "your Monarch in conferring upon him, "as an earnest of his future good inten- "tions, the honour of knighthood?"

Those nobles who had acquired reputation in the war, readily assented; but by far the greater number, after some murmuring, thought no action, however great, could wipe out the stain of bastardy.

All this ceremony was necessary, not more on account of Hugh's illegitimacy than the lowness of his origin; for Geoffrey, the King's natural brother, was an Archbishop.

"I perceive,"

"I perceive," said Richard, with contemptuous anger, "that the brave only are generous.—The actions of that youth shall present his name to posterity in characters of living fame, whilst his private life shall be a monument, recording the mean, narrow, and illiberal sentiments of his foes—of men who, spaniel-like, shall yet creep and lick the feet of him whom they rejected as an equal.—Such shall be the effect of those offices, to which by virtue of my own privilege I can appoint him.

"Before I leave you, I give notice that I mean to require of all, a clear account of their right to those titles and estates which they possess: when also, it will be seen, who of them, or their ancestors, hath outdone in glorious deeds the bastard and his banditti."

In

In the evening Richard gave a splendid entertainment, to which his nobles came by general invitation. In the midst of the banquet, he introduced Hugh, and led him to a seat at the bottom of the table, saying, "That those who disapproved of their company were at liberty to depart." Such, however, had been the effect of his menaces, and so few were there who could give the required account of their titles and honours in consequence of repeated civil wars, that no person took advantage of the permission.

Those who had consented to his knighthood, congratulated him on possessing the approbation of his sovereign; those who had not, followed their example with the most abject flattery, fulfilling in one short day the prediction of Richard.

Hugh,

Hugh, by his easy, polite, and conciliating manners, made many friends; and Richard was so pleased with the reception given to his favourite, that he was easily prevailed upon to revoke the order, promising to confirm the present possessors in their fortunes and rank.

Hugh's appellation of the Bastard was now changed to the Favourite; and as he strenuously refused every offer that Richard made for his advantage, his elevation was seen without envy; Richard honouring him with the name of friend.

The truce granted to Saladine was for three years. Richard bound himself to demolish the fortifications of Ascalon, but the Christians were to possess all other maritime places; especially Cesarea, Joppa, and Acon. He revived the custom of tournaments, as likely to promote a spirit of gallantry: and as he had so conspicuously

conspicuously seen the advantage of horse, he intended that on his return, which he fully resolved should be before the truce expired, the greatest part of his army should be cavalry. Returning to Acon, he appointed garrisons, and provided ships to convey the remainder to their homes.

As he himself did not choose to pass through any of the King of France's territories, he landed at Ragusa, accompanied by Hugh and a few other attendants, intending to pass through Germany incognito. It should seem, however, that he had some presentiment of what was to happen, for, calling Hugh apart, he thus addressed him: "Take this packet; it contains instructions to the Archbishop of Rouen; should any thing happen to me, make the best of your way to England, and deliver it into his own hands."

Richard

Richard and his attendants took the dress of pilgrims; but their manners were in direct contradiction to the habit. In the neighbourhood of Vienna, he laid his own aside; and, with only one servant, entered a village on horseback. This servant, being sent for provision, was known by some Austrian soldiers, and compelled by tortures to discover where his master was concealed: and Richard was taken asleep!

It may be asked, "Were the Austrians at war with the English?" By no means; but Richard had treated the Duke of Austria's flag with some indignity at Acon; for which he was now loaded with irons, and cast into prison: the cowardly Duke refusing honourable satisfaction, which was offered.

He soon afterward delivered his prisoner to Henry Emperor of Germany, on

the promise of receiving one third of his ransom: Philip of France, and Richard's brother John, offering large sums to Henry to keep him in perpetual bondage.

The Emperor of Germany had not so much right, even as the Duke of Austria, to detain the King of England. His conduct, therefore, is the most flagrant breach of justice that is recorded in history.

When Hugh heard of the King's disaster, he separated from his companions, adopted manners more congenial with his assumed character, and, losing no time, reached England in safety.

He went immediately to the Archbishop's palace, and was vexed beyond all patience by the impertinence of a domestic.

"Friend,

"Friend, is the Archbishop in town?"

"Friend, marry! suppose he is."

"I have business of consequence with him."

"You look likely. Where did you pick up that airy cloak? What did those sandals cost?"

"Knave, I've a packet from the king."

"Give it me."

"I must deliver it into the Archbishop's own hands."

"But if I won't give you an opportunity?"

"I must take one."

Hugh advanced, and was rudely collared by the porter. He shook him off instantly; and, holding him at arm's length, asked if he would announce him?

"No."

"By heaven thou shalt," said Hugh, and flung him so violently against the door of an apartment, that it flew open, and disclosed the Archbishop in conference with the Queen Mother.

The Archbishop advanced, and demanded the cause of such outrage.

"I am sorry," said Hugh, "that it is the only way a poor man can reach your Grace's presence. I have reasons about me that I hope will justify my resolution to see you."

"I do

"I do not sanction insolence," replied the prelate: "if the porter has insulted you, or the meanest subject of the realm, he shall answer severely for his misconduct."

"I believe he is sufficiently punished for this offence," returned Hugh; "will your Grace please to open this packet?"

The prelate received it with surprize, that still seemed to increase as he perused it's contents: as he finished, he exclaimed, "Surely nothing has happened to his Majesty, that could render it necessary to deliver these instructions!"

"Is it possible," cried Hugh, "that I should be bearer of the first intelligence of an outrage that disgraces humanity. Richard, the gallant Richard, lies loaded with irons in a dungeon of the Duke of Austria!"

"O, Heaven," said Eleanor, "can this be true? In this letter he has described thy worth and his obligations. He calls thee his sterling friend. Wert thou with him when he was betrayed? canst thou relate to us the particulars of a transaction that I fear will kindle the flame of discord in this unquiet land?"

Hugh, having satisfied their enquiries and offered his services in every way, begged permission to retire; and was dismissed by both with the most flattering acknowledgements and approbation of his conduct; and a general invitation to each of their courts.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Tis he—I ken the manner of his gait:
——————That spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.

SHAKESPEARE.

HUGH waited only to take some refreshment, and, without changing his dress, proceeded to Turretville; where, with a small harp at his side as a min-

strel, he was invited by the servants into the hall. Emilia, hearing the instrument, listened attentively, and was charmed with strains that followed the touch of the performer. She sent for him, and Hugh entered an apartment where all the family was assembled.

He could scarcely retain his disguise, when he found himself once more in the presence of his amiable friends. His heart bounded to rush into their embrace. The lovely Emilia, smiling, placed a stool, and, taking her seat by William, invited the minstrel to begin.

He sung the battles of the crusade, where the gallant Richard braved every danger, and subdued his enemies as by miracle; from the taking of Messina to the last victory on the plains of Rama.

Emilia's

Emilia's bosom glowed with admiration, when the bold strains of the harp commemorated the bravery of her countrymen; but when with softer touch they mellowed to Richard's captivity, the recollection of Hugh being his companion, and his consequent danger, rushed on her mind, and, calling on his name, she sunk in tears on William's breast.

Hugh's agitation had nearly discovered him; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he once more changed his note to a lively air that Emilia had herself composed, and which was in consequence his greatest favourite.

At the well-known sound, Emilia raised her head, a sudden glow painted her cheeks. Hugh's eyes darted fire: —the harp fell from his grasp: Emilia exclaimed, "He is safe! 'tis Hugh! 'tis

himself!" and, rushing to his embrace, fainted in the arms of her lover.

The family crowded round: surprize, joy, and congratulation succeeded each other; and had Hugh's parents been living, he could scarcely have received a more hearty welcome.

When they were informed of the circumstances attending Richard's captivity, fervently did they execrate the cowardly Duke of Austria, and lament the situation of the bravest monarch that ever filled a throne.

A day of rejoicing for their safe return had been appointed, but was postponed on account of this public calamity, which did not, however, interrupt domestic harmony and happiness, ever the effect of absence, even on the worst dispositions; what then must they have been at Turretville?

Hugh's

Hugh's men, who had by this time become acquainted that the minstrel whom they had introduced was no other than their beloved commander, clamoured for a sight of him; and he must have had no enviable heart, who could witness without emotion, their honest but awkward expressions of welcome.

He had lost several in the expedition, but their places had been supplied by others, men actuated by the love of glory, and who thought that entering into this troop, whose bold daring astonished the army, was the ready way to acquire it.

It had been the custom with both European and Saracen soldiers to convert their booty, as soon as possible, into gold, which they carried about their persons; whether in burying their own dead, therefore, or plundering those of the enemy, this was the object sought for. Many

a man that had taken purses in the morning gave them up at night; the survivors were rich consequently, and all Hugh's company had acquired sufficient to make them comfortable for their lives.

Sir Thomas, however, asked their services one year longer, thinking that John might make some violent attempts on the crown, in his brother's absence; and, at a meeting of the Barons held soon afterward, he swore, in conjunction with the rest to preserve it unsullied for the rightful owner.

Hugh's days now passed pleasantly along. In the company of his Emilia he was truly happy; often did they ride to the cottage, which was become a terrestrial paradise. The woodbine hedges breathed perfume; the seat on the hill was surrounded with a flowery alcove; and the

the tablet would have been covered with ivy, had not a small opening been left to excite curiosity.

But when alone, the want of Sir Thomas's approbation, and the consciousness of his clandestine procedure, which would, if discovered, be deemed a breach of his honour, filled him with uneasiness and sorrow.

He had done as the spectre commanded; he had signalized himself; nothing of consequence had followed; he had done every thing that man could do to deserve Emilia, but he could not hide the obloquy of his origin. "Surely," said he, "some dreadful punishment must await those who introduce beings into the world, who, if they could act in it like angels, would not be able to acquire the common privilege of the meanest, the lowest

lowest of mankind, provided the latter be a legitimate child.

He at length resolved to make William the confidant of his passion, and invited him to his apartment, when the family should be gone to bed, for that purpose.

Hugh, with much hesitation was about to begin, when they were alarmed by footsteps in the haunted gallery. They resolved to see where the ghost, for such they expected it was, should go to, after visiting Hugh's apartment; they therefore extinguished the lamp, and stepped behind the bed in silence.

At length the portrait was removed; but to their surprize, instead of a ghost, they beheld the Baron de Rockenalt. He cautiously approached the bed; undrawing the side curtain, he raised a lamp,

and

and at the same time discovered a dagger.—But when he perceived that the object of his vengeance was not there, his countenance exposed the most shocking traits of disappointed malice; and, unable to contain the vexation of rage that filled his bosom, with impotent malignity he stabbed the bed.

Hugh started from his place of concealment, and seizing his hand, with much difficulty, wrested the weapon from his grasp.

"The Baron de Rockenalt become assassin in person," said he, "and steal, like a fearful villain at the hour of midnight to perpetrate his detestable crimes! Hence, my Lord; but remember, your next attempt, if discovered, shall terminate with your miserable existence. Be gone, and be grateful for the lenity you have so little deserved."

The

The Baron retired muttering, followed by William and Hugh to an apartment where a removed pannel opened on a long passage, that terminated with a flight of steps. The Baron descended.

Hugh, calling a guard, proposed retiring to rest. The events of the hour had unfitted him for the discovery of his love; but he promised William to take the first opportunity of renewing the subject; and they separated for the night.

When Sir Thomas was informed of this base attempt, his indignation knew no bounds. He swore that he would challenge the Baron, and brand him as a coward if he refused to fight; but in this he was over-ruled. One amiable man had already fallen beneath his arm; and Hugh opposed it with more spirit than he had been used to exert. He could

could not bear the shame of another man fighting his battles, or the sorrow, if any accident should happen to Sir Thomas. He had no doubt that the Baron would desist from further persecution; but if he did not, his next offence, by all the duty he owed his patron, if it was not successful, should be the last in his power to commit.]

Orders, however, were given to stop up what they conceived to be the only communication between the two castles.

CHAP. XIX.

I'd strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

O a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me.

I hate him,
And will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

SHAKESPEARE.

SOME months now passed without any new attempt on the part of the Baron; and it began to be thought that the shame of his detection would prevent any future outrage: when Emilia, in a ride,

ride, attended by only one servant, was assaulted, and, together with the domestic, conveyed to Rockenalt castle.

Emilia fainted when she looked up and saw the place of her destination; and in that state was conveyed by the Baron to an apartment.

As the Baron gazed, the worst passions became predominant; and he resolved to indulge them, while she remained insensible to danger, and incapable of resistance.

The haste with which he attempted to undress her, and the trepidation arising from the consciousness of his iniquitous intentions, defeated his purpose. Emilia recovered, and, finding herself so rudely handled, with a sudden spring recovered her feet; and with a violence to which she had hitherto been a stranger,

pushed

pushed the wretch from her, calling loudly for help.

The Baron coolly told her, that she was entirely in his power, and her shrieks were vain; for that no menial durst intrude on his privacy: and swore that she should marry him immediately, or return dishonoured to Turretville.

Emilia replied, that she should prefer a shroud to his bed, and death rather than dishonour. She still considered herself not beyond the reach of Providence.

At the mention of the word Providence, the Baron shewed a ghastly smile; and approaching the trembling maid, "let us see," cried he, "how far the jurisdiction of this Providence extends." He then took her in his arms, and, spite of her struggles, tears, and cries for help, bore her towards a couch.

In

In an instant the door was shivered into a thousand pieces, and discovered Hugh, with a countenance flashing fire.

"Monster," said he, "the earth shall no longer groan with thy atrocities: unworthy of my sword, thou shalt die the death of a dog."

Advancing, he seized the Baron by the throat, holding him at arm's length; and maugre all his endeavours to get rid of the unwelcome embrace, he turned pale, black, and at length fell under his hand like a corpse.

"O Hugh," exclaimed the weeping girl, "what has been your former service to this? Frequently have you saved my life, and I have felt gratitude; but what was that feeling to this that now swells my heart. Thou art my guardian angel, and I am all adoration."

"Peace,

"Peace, my lovely Emilia," said Hugh, "and let us quit this detested apartment: we have not a moment to lose."

Robert of the Cottage, Sir Thomas's game-keeper, had witnessed, unseen, the capture of Emilia, and watched the ravishers to Rockenalt Castle.

On his way to Turretville with the dreadful intelligence, he met Hugh, who was riding to overtake Emilia. Hugh scarcely heard his story through, but, setting spurs to his horse, in a few minutes entered tthe Castle.

He saw Emilia's horse in the court yard, and, dismounting, left his own beside it. Entering the house, he met a domestic:—"Friend," said he, "lead me to your master."

"My

"My Lord is particularly engaged, Sir."

"I know it, but I must see him—take this purse."

"I cannot be bribed, Sir."

"Lead me to his apartment, or this moment is thy last."

"Your threats are as useless as your money—I will not conduct you."

The cries of Emilia gave that information which the servant refused. He pressed forward—the servant opposed his passage.

"At least do not obstruct my way."

The servant was positive.

"I am

"I am sorry thus to reward fidelity, that in a good cause would canonize thee."

He struck him to the floor, and passed on.

The cries of Emilia became more loud, more urgent. The door of the apartment was locked, but it could not resist Hugh's amazing strength, aided by such powerful motives of action—it gave way, and discovered him as before described.

As they proceeded along the passage, the servant whom he had left on the ground was endeavouring to prevent their retreat; another blow, with the same consequences, silenced him: they mounted their horses, and soon were out of the castle.

Emilia's

Emilia's tears flowed, in spite of Hugh's endeavours to console her; and when they reached Turretville, she fainted in Lady Greyfort's arms.

Sir Thomas had been summoning his people, who were all ready in the court-yard of the castle when Emilia returned.

When Hugh informed him of the danger from which he had been so fortunate as to rescue Emilia, "Hugh," said he, "when you returned as a poor harper, and Emilia discovered you, I saw the state of your hearts; I have seen also your struggles between love and honour. I have not been without struggles myself; my pride has long been opposed to your virtue—but here the contest ends—take her—she is your's—a rich reward for all your service, and your suffering;—you well know the value of the present I make, and can be grateful."

Hugh, overwhelmed with joy, could find no words to express his feelings. —"Come, come, my son," said the Knight, "repress these rhapsodies, and let us think of some means to punish this monster of iniquity, who makes so little ceremony of outraging the laws of his country." This address brought Hugh to his senses, and it was at length agreed to wait upon the Archbishop of Rouen, who would summon him to answer for his offences, or, in case of his refusal, grant troops to besiege him in his castle.

In the evening, however, a note was delivered by a servant from Rockenalt Castle, who was to wait for Sir Thomas's answer. It stated, that the Baron had been in strong convulsions ever since Hugh's departure; that the fathers of the neighbouring priory had given it as their opinion, that he could not live till morning; and that the Baron himself had declared

clared he could not die in peace till he had obtained Hugh's forgiveness, and had related some circumstances respecting his birth which it was of the utmost consequence that he should know.

Hugh, fearing the Baron might die before he could make the discovery, proposed setting off immediately; but Sir Thomas, suspecting treachery, insisted that he should not depart without a strong body of his men, as a guard.

As soon as this was ready, Hugh mounted, and rode so hard, that his men could scarcely keep pace with him; and being at some short distance when he entered the castle, the gates were suddenly closed, and they were entirely excluded.

Meanwhile Hugh himself was attacked from behind, overpowered, and laid in

irons, in the space of a very few seconds of time.

The Baron appeared, taunting him.—"Young man, I made a little mistake, I hope it will be of no great consequence; it is you that are to die before morning, and I had a few words to say on the subject of your death, not of your birth; the least said on the birth of a bastard is the best."

He then ordered him to be conveyed to a dungeon of the Castle. Hugh made no reply, but with a look of defiance moved on.

Sir Thomas being made acquainted with the state of affairs, by a horseman sent from Hugh's troop for that purpose, arrived at the Castle, but was not admitted: he implored, promised, and threatened in vain.

vain. The Baron swore that his menial should never depart the Castle with life; asked if the Knight did not hear his groans under the torture, and bade him depart, or he would order a discharge of arrows that should make him rue his temerity, in offering to stand between a Baron and his vengeance.

Sir Thomas, whose men were inadequate to the storming of so large a place, was obliged to obey, and with a heavy heart retraced his steps to Turretville, where his re-appearance without Hugh filled every bosom with despair.

The room to which Hugh had been consigned was a small square vault, without bed or seat; but his conductor, who appeared to pity him, left the lamp. He stood ruminating, till his attention became strongly excited by figures worked

on tapestry, that hung against the opposite wall.

The tapestry was divided into compartments, and, to his surprize, appeared to be of recent working.

In the first compartment was a man, whom, from his extraordinary size and deformity, he knew to be the Baron, in the act of stabbing a Lady.

The second exhibited a domestic, bearing the body of the Lady through a removed pannel.

The Lady was lying on a mattress in the third, in such a room as that which Hugh now occupied, and the domestic was staunching the wound.

The fourth was divided from the rest by an extra border, which Hugh thought denoted

denoted longer time. The Lady was delivering an infant into the hands of the domestic.

The spirit of Turretville was the subject of the fifth.

Scarcely had he finished his examination, when a servant entered the prison, and in a surly tone of voice asked Hugh if he knew him.

"You are the servant that refused me admission to the Baron."

"I heed not that: do'st thou remember me in Palestine?"

"No."

"Thou killed'st three brothers with that cursed hand in one day.—I swore by Mahomet to be revenged; for this

purpose came I to England with the Baron, who I heard was your mortal enemy; and for this glorious purpose do I now grasp my dagger."

"Man, man, I am sorry thou should'st have suffered, and by me; consider, I only performed my duty, I did not come like an assassin to stab your brothers when they were in a dungeon without the power of resistance."

"I have sworn and will perform my oath."—As he advanced, Hugh, lifting up his chain, dashed him to the earth, and stooping took away the weapon.

The Saracen, recovering, begged for mercy. "Take thy life," said Hugh, "I would not willingly hurt a hair of thy head—Go—give the Baron an account of the success of thy mission."

"Thank

"Thank you, generous man," exclaimed the servant; "and if I have any influence, he shall extend that mercy to thee, which thou so nobly hast bestowed on thine enemy."

Some time afterward Hugh heard footsteps, and the Baron made his appearance, not at the door indeed, but at a grated window that had escaped Hugh's notice.

"Reptile," said he, "what now shall prevent my vengeance? I will risque nothing by entering thy cell, but from hence shall my arrows pierce thy ignoble heart."

"Pause," said Hugh; "let me shew thee how an honest man can meet the stroke of death. Monster, when it shall overtake thee, thou wilt tremble like the coward thou art about to prove thyself."

The Baron drew a shaft to its head, and Hugh uncovered his bosom, when lo! a fearful scream was heard—the tapestry fell down, and the spirit of Turretville in all its terrors stood confessed.

The bow fell from the Baron's powerless hand, he groaned, and fell backward in a swoon.

Hugh knelt in thankfulness and wonder, expecting the spirit to pass; but in tones of eagerness it exclaimed, "Rise and follow."

Taking the lamp, it issued from the cell, leading the youth through a variety of windings, till they came to steps which they ascended; and having reached the summit, he discovered himself to be in the church of St. Mary. There they entered a spacious tomb, inclosing a smaller one, on which lay the statue of a

Knight

Knight in armour, covered with faded flowers.

"This tomb," said the spectre, "contains the ashes of thy father."

They still proceeded, again descending steps of stone; and again they explored long and dismal passages, till they came to a grated door. This was secretly opened by the spectre, and disclosed a burial ground, over which they continued to pass till they entered a mausoleum, the only purpose of which seemed to be that of concealing a narrow winding passage, terminating in a stair case of the same description, which at length brought them into the oratory of the haunted eastern wing of Turretville Castle.

"Here then," said the spectre, placing the lamp on a marble table, "I

am at last permitted to embrace my son."

Hugh recoiled from her frightful embraces, with horror that he could not conceal.

"Ah," cried the Spirit, "I had forgotten."

She then pulled off a skeleton mask and gloves, exclaiming, "Am I hateful to my child?"

There was no longer any repugnance on the part of Hugh; sinking into her arms, he cried out, "Art thou indeed my mother?"

"I am indeed thy mother, and thou art the legitimate son of Sir Henry Riverford."

"Thanks

"Thanks to Almighty God," exclaimed the youth; "now tremble, thou wicked Baron."

"Haste," said the lady, "let us make tranquil the minds of your amiable friends, by your appearance in safety."

Hugh entered the apartment, where the family sat wrapt in gloom and despondency.

"Once more," said he, "do I embrace my benefactors; once more kiss my loved Emilia's hand, to claim it as her equal in birth, if not in fortune.

"O Madam," addressing Lady Greyfort, "permit me to introduce Lady Riverford, the fair Spirit of Turretville, and mother of your adopted son."

The

The recovery of their loved Hugh by almost a miracle, filled the little circle with indescribable happiness. The Castle was ordered to be illuminated; ale was distributed, and those walls which but a few moments before were covered with gloom, blazed with lights, and resounded with merriment.

As the armourer attended to take off his irons, Hugh related in few words what had happened. They had already exhausted their curses, and vowed to have the most ample revenge.

The introduction of a sensible and elegant woman to their society was a valuable acquisition, and the circle was as compleat in happiness as in number. Pleasure was monarch in the little domain of Turretville.

Lady

Lady Riverford proposed, that no step should be taken against the Baron, till Richard, whose ransom was already dispatched from England, should return; not that he would have more inclination, but certainly he would have more power to assist them: and this opinion was subscribed by all the rest, though not without some impatience.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Grief fill'd the room up of my absent child,
Laid in his Bed, walk'd up and down with me,
Put on his pretty looks, talk'd o'er his words,
Remember'd me of all his gracious parts,
Stuff'd out his vacant garments with his form;
Then had I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

AS all the family seemed eager to know how the spectre had passed its time, Lady Riverford, one evening, thus satisfied their curiosity.

"I am the only daughter of parents that were vassals, but rich vassals, of Sir Henry Riverford.

"Sir

"Sir Henry himself loved me almost from childhood with the purest affection, storing my mind with such information as he thought would become his future wife.

"The day of our marriage arrived.

"The castle of Turretville was for two months a scene of festivity and joy, when the escape of an Arabian hostage threw every thing into confusion, and ultimately produced the untimely death of my beloved husband, in a manner that is well remembered by the whole country.

"Scarcely had the Baron cleansed his hands from the blood of the husband, than he insulted the wife with an offer of his love. The barbarity of the proposal filled me with indignation: I rejected him with scorn, and by hinting

at

at certain suspicions that clung to his character, urged him to such desperation, that he drew his poignard and plunged it into my breast.

"As he fully believed me to be dead, he gave me into the arms of a confidential domestic, with orders to inter me in the burial ground under the castle; and a coffin with stones was honoured with funeral obsequies in the church of St. Mary.

"James, for such was the name of the worthy fellow to whose care I had been committed, finding that I still breathed, conveyed me to a small vault, which contained a mattress, a chair, and a table; staunching the blood which flowed copiously from my wound with his handkerchief. It healed much sooner than was expected, and proved that the poignard must have entered aslant, and not

not directly toward the heart, as the Baron certainly intended.

"In this place, James regularly supplied me with food, and from my wardrobe in the oratory I furnished myself with apparel. The frequent alarms that my visits to that apartment occasioned the Baron, gave me considerable gratification; and I resolved, if possible, to drive him from possessions obtained by the united crimes of treachery and murder.

"For this purpose I contrived a mask like the human skull, and painted a pair of gloves to resemble the arms of a skeleton. I grant that these were not done without difficulty, and that they were most imperfect representations; but what they wanted in correctness, was amply compensated for by the imaginations of those to whom they were exposed; and in

in all my experiments, I never found one person sufficiently bold to fear detection from him.

"Thus habited, at midnight I approached his bed: he was asleep, but the noise I made in undrawing the curtain awaked him.

"Never shall I forget the look of terror that his countenance pourtrayed; the bed shook under him with his trembling—his hair stood erect, like quills upon the porcupine, and he gasped for breath. I prefaced my speech with an emphatical—"Listen!

"O thou wicked Baron! though the eye of the living see thy heart only in thine actions, to the dead it lies exposed in all its secret motions of revenge, avarice, ambition, and lust! Thou hast no right to these domains. The living believed,

lieved, the spirits of the dead know that this adversary was innocent. These apartments belong to me: nightly will I return from my tomb to inhabit them: hence, nor hasten the day of dreadful retribution by resisting my command: fly, lest the vengeance of Heaven overtake thee before thy time, and thou become the sport of demons."

"I now extinguished my light, and made my escape.

"I should inform you, that there are innumerable vaults, or caverns, under this mansion, the church of Saint Mary, and the castle of Rockenalt; between which, and every apartment in both castles, there is a secret communication.

"My parents being dead, and all my husband's property sequestrated, there was not a creature in the world to whom I could

I could apply for redress. I therefore determined to take up my abode in this subterraneous labyrinth: but how shall I describe my feelings, when I discovered myself to be pregnant? Ever sanguine in hope, I flattered myself that the burthen which I bore might one day avenge the cause of its parents. I waited impatiently for the hour of its birth, and scarcely gave the dreariness of my situation a passing thought.

"With no other assistant than Nature, the object of my hope and affection was born.

"I bade James, who was my confident and only friend, to observe that it had a mark of blood on its breast, corresponding with the wound on my own. As a farther proof, I sewed into its clothes a small locket."

The

The clothes, which Sir Thomas had ordered to be preserved, in hope that they might one day lead to a discovery, were now produced; and Lady Riverford immediately disengaged the locket alluded to. On one side was her own, on the other her husband's hair; and on opening, it presented the portraits of herself and Sir Henry. The family acknowledged it to be indubitable proof, and prayed her to proceed.

"From the time I delivered the child to James, who had provided a nurse, I have not seen that faithful fellow; I do not doubt his honesty, but I fear that he must have fallen a sacrifice to the Baron's security."

It was here conjectured, that the woman to whom James had delivered his precious little charge, recommending her to return to her friends, who lived at some

some distance from Rockenalt, had lost her way in the forest, and wandered about, till, overcome with fatigue and hunger, she had expired in the wretched hovel where Sir Thomas found her.

"The grief that I felt is not to be described; I should certainly have sunk under it, had not hope supported me. The atrocity of the Baron's conduct, and the misfortunes of my early life, gave me reason to expect the interposition of Heaven in its own proper time; and I endeavoured to resign myself implicitly to its will.

"Nevertheless, my time passed in dreary solitude, and I began to think of visiting the world in disguise, when I accidentally overheard, that Sir Thomas had several months before found an half-famished infant at the breast of its deceased parent; and the hope, however extravagant,

extravagant, that this infant was mine, attached me to the spot.

"I often endeavoured to get a sight of this unfortunate, or rather fortunate child; but one day, having terrified a servant girl, and endangered her life, I resolved to wait till accident should developement my curiosity.

"The first time that this occurred was in a most unsatisfactory manner, in the north tower of Rockenalt by moonlight; where the courage of my son, in endeavouring to discover who I was, had nearly produced a premature developement.

"This endeavour only rendered my desire more poignant, and the next evening I crossed the path, as the family was returning to Turretville, to the great danger of Lady Greyfort, and the consternation

sternation of the guilty and cowardly Baron. The scream was involuntary, on discovering the astonishing likeness between Hugh and Sir Henry Riverford.

"My next attempt was in his apartment. The narrow escape I had in Rockenalt Tower rendered me wary; and, as a previous measure, I placed a legendary tale of Rockenalt House where it would be sure to meet his eye: in hope that if I were seen, I should be considered a spiritual being at once, and be suffered to pass without examination. Such was the effect I expected to make on his mind by the story of a ghost.

"When I withdrew his curtain, the resemblance struck so forcibly on my heart, as to beguile me of tears and prayers for his welfare. I also made an unsuccessful effort to discover the sanguine mark on his breast; but he moved, and

and I was obliged to make a precipitate retreat.

"As the eastern wing seemed to be left for my sole use, I usually, after chaunting a requiem to the soul of my departed Lord in the church of St. Mary, retired thither to spend my lonely evening.

"The conduct of William and of Hugh, who sat up in order to discover me, and their consequent behaviour, gave me the most flattering opinion of their courage and piety; and frequently in my orisons did I recommend them to the divine blessing and favour.

"I was aware of the consternation that my appearance had occasioned; of the youth's being in Saint Mary's church at the time of my devotion; of Sir Thomas's resolution to be convinced that evening;

and of the intended expedition to Jerusalem.

"This was an opportunity not to be neglected. I resolved to quiet Sir Thomas's apprehensions, and urge Hugh to some daring exploit by apparently supernatural command; thinking, that if he could acquire the favour of Richard, he might ultimately obtain possession of his right.

"How I succeeded you all know.

"The next day I saw Hugh enter the church of Saint Mary, with the ardour of an hero painted on his cheek—saw him climb the tomb of the first Riverford, piece by piece arraying himself with that warrior's armour.

"Then it was, that in order to further the plan I had adopted, I endeavoured

to

to inspire him with the love of glory for the purposes of humanity.

"Hugh, dost thou not recollect in these features the monk who so often, so mysteriously, and so deeply interested thee at Messina, and in the course of the Crusade?

"When you were taken at Acon, and plunged into a dungeon, I learned that the person who commanded the sally, was no other than the Arab who escaped from Turretville. I readily gained admission to his presence.

When I made myself known, he received me with tears of joy; but when I mentioned the death of your father, his tears flowed from another source.

"Fool that I was," said he, "to reject the friendship of the only honest

man in the world! That friend, the Baron de Rockenalt, curse on his horrid motives, effected my escape; secreted me in his castle till the pursuit was over, and afterwards furnished me with means to return to this hateful country.

"He readily offered his assistance for your release; but said, that the inhabitants of Acon were so exasperated by your daring, that his head must answer for his hand if it were known.

"I enquired if the Saracens were superstitious? He answered, "to excess." He was terrified at the alteration a few minutes made on my person, and assured me of success: he furnished the key of your dungeon, and this hand opened the portal by which you were delivered.

"I saw with rapture the progress you made in the King's affection, and was sorry

sorry that I could not accompany you through Germany; but the fear of discovery prevented me, and I returned in the suit of Sir Thomas Greyfort.

"My story draws to a conclusion.

"I took up my residence in my long deserted, dreary abode. I had not seen you till the moment when, hearing voices, I approached the dungeon in which you were confined. The tapestry that you saw, I had wrought to while away my heavy hours; and you now perceive it contained my history. It concealed a passage to the next vault, which I had entered, impelled by curiosity. I was an interested spectator of all that passed, and had endeavoured to devise some means of release. Your conduct towards the poor fellow, whom you had robbed of his brothers, was noble: I could not help exclaiming to myself, 'There shone the

soul of Riverford;' but when I heard the Baron's well-known voice, my heart sunk within me. Yet it still acknowledged the magnanimity of your mind, that knew not fear, and detested the meanness of his, which shrunk from the blow it had the cowardice to meditate. But when you bared your bosom to the tyrant's stroke, I could contain no longer.—I threw down the tapestry, and my presence in so critical a moment effected, what, perhaps, nothing else could have done—your safety.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE family thanked Lady Riverford for her strange but interesting narrative: admiring the spirit that could keep up for above twenty years, in circumstances so dreary and comfortless, and took her instructions as to placing guards, to watch every communication with Rockenalt.

The tomb of Sir Henry Riverford had been enclosed, in order to guard the statue, which was of exquisite workmanship, that lay upon it. Thither Hugh often retired, to pray for the spirit of his noble, his magnanimous father; and to implore the blessing of heaven on his future endeavours to avenge his memory.

On coming forth one evening, he was surprised to see before it a man, who by his dress was a Saracen, in the act of adoration. Hugh paused, unwilling to disturb his devotion, and waited till he arose. The Saracen, starting backward at the sight of him, exclaimed, "'Tis he himself."

"Do you know me?" said Hugh.—

"You must be son of Sir Henry Riverford."

"Were

"Were you acquainted with him?"

"Unfortunately, I am the man whose flight robbed him of existence."

"But you saved my life, and will assist me to clear his fame?"

"With my hand and fortune."

"Your evidence, Sir, will I hope be all we shall want; come with me; my mother will be proud to acknowledge her obligation."

"For killing her husband?"

"For saving her son."

"When I consider the value of the treasure she lost in the heart of Sir Henry Riverford, I think that she must hate me."

"Your sentiments convince me that you blame yourself too much."

"Ah no; 'tis true I refused to give my word of honour not to fly; but your father relied upon me, which ought to have been my bond."

Lady Riverford was too well pleased in gaining such an evidence, to revert to former times. Indeed, Sir Henry had always exculpated the hostage, and Lady Riverford was too much accustomed to think the Baron the only cause of her distresses, to remember any other at the same time.

Though the hostage, at Hugh's request, took up his abode in the Castle, it was soon discovered that he had some secret grief which preyed upon his health, and rendered him but little capable of promoting the chearfulness of a family

family party. On all other subjects he was silent; but when the depravity or ingratitude of mankind was his theme, he could declaim, with wonderful elocution, and a pertinacity that betrayed a mind deeply wounded, and wholly absorbed in the subject.

At times he would ramble from morn till evening, amid the brakes of the New Forest, regardless of weather, or of danger. His attitude was uniformly the same; his arms were crossed, his head pressed into his breast, and his eyes directed to the ground. Hugh had made many efforts to induce him to throw off this humour, which was no less tetchy than melancholy, but without success. At length, one evening, when the stranger was more than usually ironical on the subject of domestic happiness, he thus addressed him:

Ibrahim

"Ibrahim, Is it to your advantage to indulge this strain of severe sarcasm?"

"I feel pleasure in it."

"Has any one here offended you?"

"Mahomet forbid."

"Then is it manly to seek satisfaction at their expence?"

"Am I accused?"

"Yes; you give pain where you have no cause, to indulge a propensity unamiable in it's nature, and the effect of some disappointment with which we have nothing to do, unless you will tell us the cause of your unhappiness, and instruct us how to relieve it."

"Unhappiness!

"Unhappiness! am I not gay, merry? do I not laugh and talk? join in your amusements, and enjoy your society?"

"No, you do not: if ever you are gay, merry, and laugh, it is at the vices of mankind. 'Tis true, you join in our amusements in person, but your mind is absent: you have some inward cause of sorrow, on which you prey like a churlish animal that devours his bane."

"O Mahomet, have you discovered that which I would hide from all the world, but especially from myself? and am I indeed the wretch that revenges his private injuries upon all mankind? Shame on me!—Sincerely do I implore forgiveness; and if the recital of my story may palliate my offence, I entreat you to hear."

Hugh replied, that the acknowledgement was sufficient, and that his story would

would be received as the highest compliment he could pay them.

"I am, then, only son to the Governor of Rama, and Saladine's most intimate friend."

"From my infancy I was indulged in every wish of my heart. I was not suffered to be contradicted: it would render me fretful: I was not to be corrected: it might spoil my spirit.

"At the early age of fifteen, I was leader of a band of companions, who openly set reason, religion, and law at defiance. We plunged into every dissipation, regardless of the consequences; and drank wine to intoxication, though expressly forbidden by Mahomet. The hours of satiety only were dedicated to sleep; we awoke to our pleasures, and happy was he who could invent some new

project, to insult mankind, or offend the Deity.

"All my companions were friends; but there was one more particularly my friend than the rest. He had exhausted a noble fortune in acts of liberality, I should say of licentiousness, and was dependent on my bounty. We had but one heart and one purse; but whilst he appeared subservient to all my humours, and seemed to exist only for my service, there were times when, even in my infatuated partiality, I could discover myself to be only an instrument to him of interest, pleasure, or ambition.

"One morning returning from a carousal, we heard an altercation, and resolved to see what would be the result of it: presently, a door opened, and a poor girl was thrust into the street. She wept bitterly."

"Only

"Only let me stay till day-light!"

"You cannot stay a moment longer. I cannot keep my own children; why should I be troubled with an ouscast?"

"The door, in spite of her resistance, was closed upon her; and my companions began to hustle the poor wench for fun, as they called it, till her sobs rent my very soul. "Forbear," I exclaimed; "my heart renounces forever the companion who can insult the distress of a fellow being. The next that offends should have a keen scymetar.

"My company were surprized at my new fangled chivalry, laughed, and quitted me to follow my inclination. I then approached the object of my protection, offering to continue it wherever she pleased to go."

"You

"You are good, Sir; but, alas! I have no friend in the whole wide world."

"Which ought to make the whole world your friends. Shall I befriend you?"

"Have you a mother or sister, Sir, to whom I can be a servant?"

"I am sorry I have not; but I will conduct you where you may abide for the night: to-morrow you may retire wherever you choose."

"Alas, I have not wherewithal to pay."

"Let that be my concern."

"O, Sir, you appear to be an Angel! let it not be an angel of darkness."

"I am

"I am no Angel, I assure you; but you shall not find me less than man. Take my hand; and by Mahomet, it shall lead thee where thou may'st repose in safety."

"I then conducted her to a small villa which my father had given me; and, recommending her to the domestic, whom I waked for that purpose, retired to my home.

"When I awoke, and recollected the occurrence of the morning, I felt surprized and pleased. It was the first action of virtue I had ever performed, and produced pleasure of a different kind from all that I had before felt. I was as likely as any of my companions to insult a female in the same circumstances; but in the conduct of others alone, we see those foibles, which pass unnoticed by us in ourselves.

"When

"When I returned to the villa, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. I thought that I had befriended an helpless female, of the lowest class of society; but I was thanked by a being, whose beauty, from the first moment I saw her, filled my whole heart.

"Yamoura was about my own age, tall, and elegantly formed; but her face absorbed all my attention. The countenances of Eastern ladies generally bespeak the vacancy of the mind, and their beauty has little more to interest than that of a picture or statue: but here were features that beamed intelligence; and had Mahomet seen them, he would have acknowledged one exception to his creed, that 'Women have no souls.'

"'I was unwilling to go (said she) till I had thanked my benefactor. Alla preserve him that preserved Yamoura!"

"Whither

"Whither are you going, Yamoura?"

"To seek subsistence."

"If that be your object, why need you go from hence?"

"Because I would eat the bread of poverty in innocence."

"Have I offended you?"

"I shrink from your eye. Why do you gaze so earnestly? What motive can you have for my stay? You are one of the richest, one of the gayest, one of the most dangerous! What will be said if I continue in your dwelling? Can I ever after meet the world? Farewell, her prayers shall be yours; but the honour and character of Yamoura must ever remain in her own keeping."

"You

"You shall not go."

"Shall not?"

"'Till you have heard me. If I gaze, it is because I have never witnessed before any thing so worthy of admiration. Thou art poor, I have wealth more than sufficient; why should one want while the other abounds? Go, but suffer me to befriend thee; and repay me sometimes with the pleasure of your conversation. Yamoura, it may be in your power to reform a libertine; forego not the praise through too scrupulous a regard to propriety. I will never see you but in presence of a third person."

"I accept your proposal; let Fatmè be called, and that you may know the object of your regard, I will relate my simple story."

Fatmè

Fatmè made her appearance.

"Sir," said she, "though I am old and poor, I thank Heaven I am honest withal. You never did such a thing as bring women into your house before; one or the other of us must depart. It would be very hard indeed, if, after keeping my character fifty long years, I should lose it for nothing at all."

"True, Fatmè; and that no character may suffer, do you sit down, whilst we converse."

"My parents," said Yamoura, "died when I was very young, and left me to the care of my uncle, an Iman of our holy religion. Selim had travelled, and become enamoured of infidel learning, which he returned with the romantic hope of teaching to his brotherhood: but unfortunately he fell sick, and became

came incapable of performing the duties of his office; nor would the brotherhood assist him, till he had signed an instrument, abjuring his knowledge, and declaring the Koran to be the only book necessary or proper to be known.

"This cruel necessity almost broke his heart, I was his only consolation, and by degrees lightened the load of sorrow that oppressed him, by sharing his information. He taught me Astronomy and Geography; he had several histories, particularly of Greece and Rome, which he translated into our language, desiring me to read to him. I was no less delighted than himself at the progress I made, and the superiority which I fancied I thereby posessed, when poor Selim fell under a paralytic stroke, and left me destitute and friendless. Scarcely had the brotherhood disposed of his body, before my

cruel landlord thrust me from his door, choosing the hour of night, that his conduct might not become the subject of his neighbours' conversation."

"Your story, Yamoura, suggests the idea of an employment, which I hope will be mutually agreeable.—I will become your pupil; you shall teach me all that Selim knew: this evening shall my studies commence; in the mean time discharge your obligations, and think of me with confidence."

"O that I could! O Ibrahim! with thy means, thou may'st become the idol of Syria."

"Indeed!"

"Aye.—Do justice, be affable, and let the poor partake of thy bounty."

Her

"Her words, delivered with firmness, found their way to my heart. I was not without ambition, and resolved to court popularity. Yamoura began her lectures, love made me an apt pupil; I soon exhausted her stores of written learning; but her conversation, various and interesting, was an inexhaustible source of pleasure.

"My friend, who generally accompanied me, had no taste for scientific pursuits. Dice were his love; and my purse suffered severely in the hope of retrieving his lost fortune.

"The alteration that had taken place in my conduct, became the subject of general conversation in Rama. Young as I was, I assisted my father in the dispatch of business, and in a short time became so great a favourite, that he surveyed me with an eye of jealous fond-

ness. History had opened my mind; I no longer considered the Saracen as the greatest nation on earth, and consequently myself not one of the greatest men. I became truly ashamed of my former conduct, and of my former companions; and, considering all men as brethren, I relieved one's distress, congratulated another's good fortune, and conducted myself so as to give general satisfaction; yet all this gave me no pleasure equal to the smile of Yamoura.

My father, once in a certain number of years, made the circuit of his jurisdictions; which usually occupied twelve moons. As the stated time came round, and I could not endure the idea of parting so long from Yamoura, I resolved to make an offer of my hand, without any other idea than that it would be joyfully accepted. Yamoura rejected me with the same freedom that I had used

in

in the proposal. "Ibrahim," she replied, "you are rich; wise beyond your age, and virtuous as the heart of friendship could wish! I am unworthy of you: seek some person more equal to you in advantages, and long may you be happy in each other's love!"

"Who deserves to share my happiness so well as that person to whom I am indebted for it? You must have long seen that I loved you, and no other will I espouse."

"I have been no stranger to your passion. You taught me what use to make of it, when you bade me reform a libertine. My intention was pure, and must not be mixed with meaner motives."

"Yamoura, you are too scrupulous: if you continue to refuse me, I solemnly

swear never to be the husband of another."

"You have a father, Ibrahim; should he not be consulted?—Were I inclined to wave all other considerations, I never would be your's without the sanction of his approbation."

"Then I must indeed despair: my father would never consent."

"To our mutual astonishment my father entered the room. "Son," said he, "you wrong me. I have long thought your reformation could not be sincere; and, that for such appearance of virtue in public, you indulged some private vice. I have now discovered the spring of your action to originate with a virtuous woman.—You have found a treasure: and, instead of refusing my consent,

consent, I entreat her to accept of you. Let your father become your friend; and I trust many happy days await our enjoyment."

"Yamoura wept at his feet, whilst I exclaimed, "O! my father, till this moment I have never really known you."

"He sat down with us to a cheerful repast: in the course of which, he exacted a promise that I would not marry till my return; but promised, in the mean time, to acknowledge Yamoura as his daughter; who should reside at the villa, or remove to his palace, as her inclinations led: and at parting he presented a ring of inestimable value.

"As we returned, I related to him the circumstance that had introduced me to Yamoura, and the events of her life. "Ibrahim," he replied, "this day is the

most happy that I have enjoyed since the death of thy mother. I have waited, but not without solicitude, for the time when you should relinquish the follies of youth. Yamoura's influence has not only effected your emancipation sooner, but more entirely than I could have expected. Thanks to Alla, and to her, my days shall decline in peace and honour!"

"Though I in some degree had lost a friend, I had gained a parent. My father often came to the villa, enjoyed our society, and, what gave me infinite happiness, never returned without finding something new to admire or to love in Yamoura.

"It is not to be supposed, that I was blind to those faults in others which I myself had renounced. I took an opportunity seriously to advise my friend of the tendency of his conduct; but my admonition

nition was received with surprize, vexation, and thoughtfulness: although, when I rallied him on his sudden dejection, he begged that I would consider it as an earnest of reformation.

"The day of separation came on eagle-pinions. We took an affectionate leave of Yamoura, and departed.

"Wherever we came we were received with loud acclamations. I seldom departed from a place without presents complimentary of my impartiality, and began to be called the hope of Syria.

"Next to the pleasure of conversation, is that of correspondence. Yamoura's first letters were cheerful: she complained indeed of absence, but the pleasure of hearing my praise was ample compensation. They gradually, however, became less lively, and at length solicited

dispatch, with an urgency that I could by no means reconcile with her well-known principles.—I replied, that public business should not be neglected for private considerations; and that she should bear with cheerfulness an absence which originated in motives that she herself had inspired.

"Yamoura's next letter acknowledged the justice of my observations; and promised patience till Heaven should restore me to her presence.

"We returned to Rama, in consequence of our diligence, some days sooner than we were expected. I hastened to the villa, and entered with my own key: it was early in the evening, yet midnight silence reigned in the apartments. At length, Fatmè made her appearance: "Fatmè," I exclaimed, "where is your mistress?"—"Ah, my dear master," replied the

the old domestic, "are you returned at last? My poor young mistress is in her bed, and has been these three long moons."

"I flew to the apartment.

"O, Ibrahim," replied the fainting Yamoura, "this happiness is too great to be endured."—She remained a long time insensible, and recovered to fill me with horror and astonishment. Pale, emaciated, and almost speechless, I could with difficulty recognize the once blooming Yamoura. "O say, Yamoura, what has reduced you to this dreadful situation?"

"I will speak, Ibrahim, for my time is short.—Yamoura has been poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" I exclaimed in agony; "by whom?"

"I do not know."

"You must suspect."

"Yes; but I will not pronounce that suspicion, lest I should be deceived, and prompt you to the commission of a crime that might embitter your life."

"Why was not I apprized of your danger?"

"Public business, Ibrahim, should not give way to private considerations. Your's is the precept: mine has been the practice.—I wished to live for your sake, and therefore have not neglected any means of recovery; but the best opinion pronounced me beyond hope, even on the first discovery of my complaint. I am truly thankful to Heaven that I am permitted to behold you before I die. O, Ibrahim, pursue the path you are in,

and

and Yamoura will not have lived in vain!—I might have existed some days longer, but the joy I feel at your presence hastens my dissolution!—Commend me to your father, and farewell!"

"I will not attempt to describe my grief. I remained at the villa till the poor remains of Yamoura were deposited in earth, and returned to the palace.

"Well, Ibrahim," said my father; "you have, at length, exhausted your love-chat: I have taken the opportunity to prepare every thing for your nuptials: the guests are invited: the banquet is ready; but where is Yamoura?—"

"Dead!"—

"I hurried to my apartment, and for several days refused all human communication. The world was become a blank: I thought

I thought my mind would sink under the weight of so severe a grief; and, in sullen apathy, I expected the angel of death.

"My father did not attempt to offer consolation; but my friend so tenderly bewailed the loss of Yamoura, was so eloquent in praise of her good qualities, and so strenuous to discover the author of the vile deed, that he won all my heart.

"He endeavoured to draw me into company, but was altogether unsuccessful; yet I did not wish to impose restraint upon him.—Money was no longer of value in my eyes, and my friend Jusef profited by my negligence.

"At length I was roused from my lethurgy by a message, that Jusef was at the point of death, and wished to see me.

I hurried

I hurried to his house; exclaiming as I approached his bed, what new bolt has Heaven to shoot?—My friend was no more!—O, Jusef! I cried, I had hoped that thou also wouldst live to see and to renounce thy follies, when I could have taken thee to my heart, without one humiliating consideration."

"Ibrahim," said a venerable Iman, who stood at the bed-side: "the object before thee was unworthy of thy friendship: hear his confession:" He then read from a skin, the following words:

"Lest I should be prevented by death
"from making my confession to Ibrahim
"in person, I thus acknowledge my sins.
"I had some power over his mind, which
"I employed to self-interested and base
"purposes: but the influences of Ya-
"moura, which, unlike me, she used for
"the most virtuous ends, superseded mine

"so

"so effectually, that, fearing I might "in time be deprived of the means to "gratify that propensity which has "brought destruction on my head, I ad- "ministered a slow poison, and Ya- "moura sunk the victim of my jalousy. "My views were not answered, for though "Ibrahim abstained from virtue, he did "not return to dissipation. Having lost "a large supply, given to me by Ibrahim, "for lamenting the death which I had "myself occasioned, I became outra- "geous, quarrelled, and fell by the hand "of a friend. As my repentance is only "the effect of my situation, I know not "whether it be sincere. I do not ex- "pect forgiveness of Heaven or my friend."

"I acknowledge that the ingratitude of Jusef raised my most malignant passions. I declaimed against the whole world; there was no truth in it. Grief was affectation, and joy was folly: There was

was nothing worth the trouble of existence: There was no reasonable motive of action: Men, like brutes, were led by instinct; ever confounding ideas with sensations, and principles with inclination.

"My father opposed this madness, but it only rendered me more obstinate: at length, the hostage residing in England wishing to return, I was proposed to succeed him: something being expected from my change of situation.

"I was committed to the keeping of Sir Henry Riverford, who often solicited my word of honour, but without success, though my refusal debarred me of liberty.—He soon discovered the state of my mind; and, by indulging my invective, or even going beyond me, deprived me of one strong motive to persevering opposition.

"In

"In Sir Henry Riverford I saw one exception to human depravity; and his conduct might have had the most beneficial effect on my temper, had he not brought home to the Castle a wife, who, in person, features, and deportment, reminded me of all I had lost in Yamoura. The rejoicing made on this occasion, I considered as an insult on my feelings; and that diabolical Baron offering me liberty at the moment of irritation, I resolved to weaken the good opinion which I saw Sir Henry still entertained of his fellow beings, by my flight.

"From that moment I have never known peace. I had not the least reason to dread the tragical consequences that followed; but thus to renounce the friendship of one, who, in spite of my system, I believed to be all virtue and goodness, was a folly that I never can forgive.

"I found

"I found my father much altered by time and sorrow; I accepted a commission at Acon, not that I was at all interested in the justice of the war. It seems we gained the country by the sword, and you want to do so too.—But, regardless of life, I thought some fortunate blow might have finished a wretched existence.

"When Richard granted a truce, I resolved to return to England, in the hope of making some amends for my disastrous flight, and to pay my tribute of sorrow at the tomb of my departed friend: who, being dead, I could allow to possess virtue. But here I find many living equally amiable, to prove that I am not so injured as unfortunate; and that hundreds enjoy the pleasure which I must never hope to taste, and of which I have been vilely defrauded."

His audience had paid large tribute to the misfortunes of Ibrahim, whom Sir Thomas thus addressed:

"You have mistaken mankind, and it becomes one of your understanding to possess more correct notions of life. You once thought men all virtue; now they appear all depravity; but in spite of your opinion, man remains the same mixture of vice and virtue, sense and folly. Do not expect more from him than is in his power to perform: bear with his foibles for the sake of his better qualities; and, making allowance for the frailty of his frame, cherish the better propensities of his heart.

"I do not counsel you to forget Yamoura; let her memory be in the place of her person, and prompt you to renew the pursuit of fair fame.

"Ibrahim,

"Ibrahim, there are claims on you of the most tender, yet of the most binding nature. It becomes you to smooth the pillow of your father's declining age.—Though you may be careless of advantage, and regardless of what may befall you on your own account, yet the knowledge that other beings are interested in his welfare, will have weight with every one whose feelings are not wholly absorbed in himself. I offer you my friendship, and that of this society. If your mind be not warped by the improper indulgence of your sorrow, you will accept the offer; you will not obstinately reject your own gratification."

Ibrahim acknowledged the justice of Sir Thomas's sentiments; and, relieved from a weight of sorrow by the recital of his misfortunes, already felt disposed to be less unhappy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

My high blown pride at length sinks under me.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE tidings of Richard's return were soon known by the bell-ringing and bonfires throughout the country. The family resolved to stay only till the general congratulation should be abated, and then to wait upon his Majesty at Winchester: where, by that time, he was expected to arrive. They never ventured from the castle without a strong escort; and their rides were generally directed to the cottage on the borders of the forest.

Lady

Lady Riverford had often seen and heard Robert's father, the venerable grey-headed old man, with pleasure; when one day approaching toward her, he gazed ardently in her face, and, begging she would excuse an old man's curiosity, asked if she were any relation of the late Lady Riverford. "I am the person you mention," replied Lady Riverford; "but I do not recollect you."

"Ah, my Lady! my Lady! James is not what he was when you delivered your sweet babe to him in the dungeon of Turretville."

"Can it be possible," said Lady Riverford; "are you that faithful friend? but why did you so cruelly desert me in the hour of my greatest need?"

"Ah, dear Lady! no sooner had I delivered your sweet cherub into the hands

of

of the nurse provided for it, than I fell suddenly ill. My body became overspread with leprous ulcers, and the ready permission which the Baron gave me to quit his castle, and which seemed to say, I might go where I pleased to die, confirmed a suspicion that I had swallowed poison.

" I bent my steps to my son's cottage, and took to my bed: the hair came off my head; my features and voice changed; and for three years I lost the use of all my limbs.

" I fear my illness contributed to reduce my son to that distress, from which he was so bountifully relieved by Madam Greyfort.

" When I at last recovered, my nearest friends did not know me; I was therefore in no danger of being discovered by

the

the Baron, and one night I resolved to see if you were still alive. I entered the church of Saint Mary, intending to visit your subterraneous abode, when, O my Lady! the tomb of Sir Henry opened, and I could have sworn that I saw your spirit come forth and enter the grated door that led to Rockenalt; concluding, therefore, that you were dead, I said many a mass for the repose of your wandering spirit, and returned in sorrow to my daily toil.

"About a year afterwards, I made a journey to see your dear infant, when I was again surprized to learn that the nurse I procured had not been near her friends, who still thought she lived at Rockenalt."

The evidence of a witness of such consequence was not to be overlooked. James returned with them to Turretville, and

was consigned to Jasper's care. How great was the old man's joy to know that the child he had so providentially preserved, by introducing Emilia to his son's deplorable dwelling, was the cause of all the comfort and happiness they now possessed!

One day Hugh entering the apartment with his Lieutenant, "Bless me," cried old James, "don't I hear the voice of Walter, the son of old Lord Rockenalt's Secretary."—"You do, indeed," replied the Lieutenant. "Then you," rejoined James, "can give another instance of the Baron's wickedness in the affair of the Arabian hostage."

"Tell me," cried Hugh, "do you know aught of that transaction?"

"I was the Baron's agent. This is the part of my story which I begged leave to conceal;

conceal; but if the confession will benefit you, 'tis at your service, let what will follow."

"Your confession," said Hugh, "at a proper time, will be of the utmost consequence;" and then hurried away to inform the family of the accession of evidence.

Richard having now been at Winchester some days, all the family, except William, with an escort of one hundred men, departed for that place: William being left to guard the castle in their absence.

The King received them with the greatest courtesy; and, taking Hugh's hand, "My friend," said he, "I am glad to see you again in England; we must no more separate; Richard has few favourites, but they are strong in their

extraordinary merits, and must be as well known by his bounty."

"My Liege," said Hugh, "you can overpay my humble deserts, without much inconvenience to yourself, I trust."

"How?"

"By listening, my Liege, to a long story."

"I hate long stories. My mother and the Archbishop, however, if I may judge by their practice, have no such objection. Come to me in the evening, and, if it will serve you, I'll listen, though it should last all night."

In the evening accordingly Hugh went. The King ordered a chair to be placed for him near his own. There were, beside the above mentioned persons, all Richard's council,

council, and some of the first nobility in the land.

Hugh began with Sir Thomas's finding him, a babe, in the New Forest, passed rapidly over the events of his own life, recorded the sufferings of his mother more at length, dwelt with peculiar energy on the outrage offered to Emilia, and concluded with offering his evidence.

These, he said, were Lady Riverford herself, who could easily be identified, and the domestic who received him an infant at her hands.

"But, my Liege," added he, "I wish only to insist on the affair of the Arabian hostage. On this subject I have the evidence of my Lieutenant, who was the Baron's agent to effect his escape; and that of the hostage himself, who has returned to England, expressly for the purpose of

assisting justice. If I have proved my birth—grant me the favour of the combat."

"The favour you ask," said Richard, "considering what you have suffered, appears both moderate and honourable. But what say my nobles?"

Queen Eleanor declared she thought that he had fully established his claim to the title of Riverford; and congratulated him accordingly, her example being followed by all the nobility present.

The prelate did not approve the decision by single combat, and proposed that the Baron should be tried by his peers; but Richard thought that the most summary proceeding was the best, and had no doubt of Hugh's success. "To-morrow, an it please your Grace, let the Baron be summoned, and we will hear his defence;

defence; mean time, Hugh, bear our respects to your mother, and that amiable family, whose generous conduct towards you, has rendered you one of the best soldiers and noblest fellows in my domain; invite them hither, and let us have a cheerful evening."

Lady Riverford was recognized by many of the nobility, and universally congratulated on the possession of such an accomplished son.

To the invitation of the Archbishop, the Baron replied, that he was sorry a severe indisposition prevented him from paying his duty to the King; but, that as soon as he should be able to travel, he would convince his Majesty of his good will and loyalty.

The messenger, however, brought information, that the Castle was filled with

armed men; that several carts with provisions entered whilst he staid, and that the Baron was walking about, and giving his orders in perfect health.

"By St. Paul," said Richard, "he means to set me at defiance! Hugh, levy a thousand men, take his Castle, and bring him hither alive.—I know thou wilt do it."

The Baron's ungracious and overbearing manners had left him no friend among the nobility: and his rapacity, injustice, and oppression, had rendered him detestable to the poor.

No sooner, therefore, were the King's permission and the object of the levies made known, than soldiers crowded from all quarters; and those nobles, who had formerly been first to sneer at his birth, were the first to offer Hugh their services.

In

In three days the Castle of Rockenalt was completely invested by Sir Thomas Greyfort, who in the King's name summoned it to surrender.

The Baron affected to doubt his credentials, and swore to defend his Castle against an armed Banditti to the last extremity.

Sir Thomas, therefore, affected to begin the attack, which was but a feint to cover a design of Hugh's.

The Baron laughed at his feeble efforts, and asked where was his irresistible Bastard?

"At your side," was the reply. The Baron turned, and was in a moment disarmed by Hugh.

Hugh and his men, instead of proceeding to Rockenalt, had gone to Turretville, and had been conducted by Lady Riverfort through subterraneous passages, till he ascended without opposition into the heart of Rockenalt Castle. Whilst he left the Lieutenant engaged with those who guarded the gates, he mounted the wall at the very spot where the Baron was standing. A fight ensued, but Sir Thomas being admitted, and the Baron a prisoner, his men quietly sued for quarter, were disarmed, and dismissed to their homes.

The Baron, in the midst of a strong guard, which was no less necessary on his own than on Hugh's account, was conducted to Winchester, amid the hisses, groans, and execrations of a crowd of persons who had assembled from all parts to witness the downfall of a tyrant.

For

For several miles he surveyed the spectators with surly contempt; but suddenly, recollecting the features of the Lieutenant, he began to tremble, and all his feelings became employed for himself.

When Richard was informed that the Baron approached, "This," said he, "is done as they always performed their commission, with the courage of lions, and the swiftness of deer."

When the Baron was first introduced, he exclaimed,

"Is it possible, Sire, that I suffer this degradation with your permission?"

"Not only," replied Richard, "with my permission, but by my command.—You might have avoided it by obeying my summons; but your conscience informed you of the nature of the invita-

tion, and you trumped up a false apology. For what purpose were such a number of armed men and such quantity of provision within your walls?—Do you think yourself so superior a genius, as to be able to blind your monarch with an hasty expostulation?

"There is a charge against you of effecting the escape of an hostage, of which you afterward accused an innocent person: whom, being at your mercy, and refusing to own a crime, of which you knew yourself to be the perpetrator, you cruelly murdered.—Go, prepare your defence."

Scarcely was the Baron arrived at the place of confinement prepared for him, than he sent for the Lieutenant, who, aware of his design, desired the Governor of the Castle and an attendant to listen unobserved to the scene that should follow.

The

The Baron began with, "My good Walter, 'tis a long time since I have seen a friend so dear to me: why did you quit the Castle?

"My Lord," replied the Lieutenant, "you seem to have forgotten that you followed me with a dagger."

This circumstance had not escaped the Baron's memory; but the mention of it could not have happened less opportunely.

"Walter," at length he cried, "you know I am subject to fits of passion: you should have returned"—

"And waited till the next, when you would have performed the business more effectually."

Nay,

"Nay, but good Walter, this unlucky business; d—n the Arab—I wish I had never seen him."

"No doubt of it, my Lord."

"Can you be my friend? Only swear you did not let him escape at my request, and I will afford you protection, and load you with wealth.—Say you did it from motives of compassion, having often heard me pity him."

"My Lord, you cannot protect yourself: I have gained wealth enough in the Holy Land to set me above temptation. As for compassion, this is the first time I ever heard the word from your lips, and now it is for yourself."

"At least," said the Baron, "your positive evidence shall not appear against me;"

me;" plucking a dagger from his girdle. The Lieutenant seizing his arm struggled with him, but must have been overpowered, had not the Governor and his companion appeared from their closet.

Thus the only advantage the Baron had gained was, that of strengthening the evidence against himself.

On the day appointed, Richard summoned the nobles, and caused the Baron to appear: whom the Chief Justiciary thus addressed:

"My Lord of Rockenalt:——You are accused of the assassination of Lady Riverford; of outraging the laws of your country, by unjustly seizing and detaining, against her consent, Emilia the daughter of Sir Thomas Greyfort; and of divers attempts on the life of a person who

who once saved yours, but never injured you. To all these charges you are not expected to reply; but the charge against which you have been warned to defend yourself, is established with increased evidence.—Are you guilty, or not guilty, on your honour?"

"Not guilty, on my honour."

"Are you prepared to maintain your innocence, according to the usage of the realm, in single combat?"

The Baron was surprized; he trusted he might be allowed to purge himself by oath.

"Not," replied the Justiciary, "where the evidence is so strong and so clear, as to prove deliberate perjury, and warrant the following sentence:

"That

"That, Richard Baron de Rockenalt do restore the purchase money of Turretville, together with twenty-four years produce of its land, to the rightful owner, forfeiting the estate of Rockenalt to the Crown, as a traitor; and be imprisoned in one of his Majesty's castles for life."

"My Liege," exclaimed the Baron, "there lives no rightful owner of Turretville; nor do I know who can properly call me to account?"

"There is a rightful owner," replied the King; "and he will call thee to account.——Stand forth Sir Hugh Riverford."

"My Liege, this has been acknowledged an illegitimate child from his infancy."

"He

"He has been so called, but not acknowledged; we have supernatural evidence to the contrary."

He then drew a curtain, and exposed Lady Riverford in her character of a spirit. The Baron hid his face with his hands; but on recovering, he beheld with still more astonishment the living Lady Riverford.——"Take me hence," he exclaimed, "I accept the challenge."

When he came to think of his situation, he found it by no means so bad as he had feared it was. He had been freely exonorated from several charges that he would not have known how to parry; and had nothing to do but to fight a person whom he would willingly persuade himself that he heartily despised. His spirits mounted at the thought, that if he

he should be successful, the Castle and domain of Rockenalt would still be his own; nor would he be required to return the purchase money of Turretville. In case, indeed, of his being vanquished—— but that was a side of the question he had not been accustomed to examine.

The news of this combat, in which a youth, lately of no consideration, was to engage one of the most powerful Barons of the empire, to clear his father's fame, and to establish his right to a title of the first respectability, drew together all the nobility and gentry of the kingdom; and Winchester was crowded beyond any former precedent.

It was decided on the common leading to Andover. A gallery was built for the King and Queen, with seats on each side for the nobility and gentry; the umpires had taken their places, and every thing being

being ready, Hugh entered the lists on a grey courser, in the armour of the first Riverford. Having saluted the King, he dismounted, and his example was followed by the Baron, who was mounted on a black horse of an extraordinary size. The herald pronounced the cause of the combat.

"Hugh, Knight of Riverford, accuses Richard, Baron de Rockenalt, of treason against the state, and of murder: which accusation he is ready to maintain at the risque of his life."

Hugh bowed assent.

"Richard, Baron de Rockenalt, denies the charge of Hugh, Knight of Riverford, as false, and founded in malice; and is ready to maintain his innocence at the risque of his life.

The

The Baron bowed; and at the same time took up the glove which Hugh had thrown in defiance.

The Herald pronouncing the usual conclusion of "God defend the right!" retired to his station; and, the signal being given, the encounter immediately commenced.

At the first onset, the Baron's lance being shivered into pieces, he exclaimed, "Treachery! the lances are unequal!" and was presented with a parcel, from which he selected one, that, on the second attack, was completely thrown out of his hand. Finding that Hugh was desirous of showing his dexterity, he became angry, and resolved to make it a more serious affair. He therefore drove his horse against the slight courser of Hugh; who, with much difficulty, disengaged

engaged himself, and kept his courser on his feet, so great was the shock received.

The Baron saw that such another blow would leave him in possession of the victory; but Hugh, aware of his intention, turned aside his feeble courser, and, suffering his foot to come in contact with the Baron's, whom, at the same time, he wounded with his spear, threw him completely from his saddle, his horse sinking under him at the same moment.

They now attacked each other with swords. Hugh, taking advantage of the Baron's eagerness, was contented to defend himself, or take only those opportunities which his carelessness gave him: foreseeing, by the breathless state of his antagonist, that he must soon be in his power. At length, he pressed forward, the Baron receded in proportion, and fell,

fell, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, imploring mercy.

"I grant your life," said Hugh, "on condition that you make a full confession of your crimes. Did you furnish the means of the Saracen hostage's return to Syria?"

"I did."

"Did you attempt the life of Lady Riverford?"

"I did."

"Did you poison your brother?"

The Baron hesitated, fearing that evidence might be produced, though conscious that no one, beside himself, was privy to the deed: but Hugh's ready sword

sword decided his suspense.—He acknowledged he did.

"All arose, declaring such a monster should not be permitted to live. The Baron clung to the feet of Hugh for protection.

"My Liege," said Hugh, "I promised this man his life, if he made a full confession. He has performed his part of the agreement, I pray that I may be suffered to keep mine."

"Certainly;" said Richard; "but let him be sent to some monastery, the severity of whose discipline may bring him to a sense of his enormous iniquity; and whose walls shall be your security against his future machinations."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost; such joy
I never saw before.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE crowd took Hugh from his horse, and, elevating him on their shoulders, shouted, "The tyrant's destroyer!—The friend of his sovereign!—The poor man's hope!" They even shewed their respect so far, as to collect blankets, store a

cart with them, and, placing Hugh's grey courser therein, who, poor creature, was, in truth, but ill able to walk, led him round the town in triumph, previous to his departure for Turretville; in whose rich pasture his future days were destined to pass in affluence and honour.

The whole family had witnessed the combat; going with a firm conviction that right would prevail: but they soon felt all the agitation of hope and fear, according to the various turns of the action; nor could they soothe their apprehensions till the fall of the Baron.

But when they saw Hugh safely set down at their gate, their joy became unbounded. Sir Thomas scattered money among the populace, whose acclamations filled the air.

Lady

Lady Riverford, embracing her son, exclaimed, "Heaven hath permitted me to see my husband nobly revenged! O, Hugh, thou hast left me nothing now to desire!" Lady Greyfort, Sir Thomas, and William, welcomed him with the hand of friendship; and what was superior to all, Emilia received him with the fond affection of genuine love.

In the morning Hugh received a packet from the King. It contained a patent, constituting him Baron Riverford; together with the title deeds of Rockenalt Castle, and an invitation to court.

Sir Thomas also received a patent; and became Baron Turretville. William had been previously knighted.

When Hugh waited on Richard, "My Lord," said the monarch, smiling,

"I have sent for you to make you my confidential secretary; an office that I am sure you will fill with ability, integrity, and honour. The friends of Richard should be near his person."

"Sire," replied Hugh, "Your Majesty has already exceeded my wishes: I preferred the title of your friend to any in the peerage; and would rather not interfere with the state at all. I have no ambition beyond that of being an honest man, and of setting an example of virtue and loyalty to my dependants. Should your Majesty, at any time, want my assistance, I trust my sword will not be left to prey upon it's scabbard."

"Generous fellow!" exclaimed Richard; "I am truly proud to be lord of such a subject; and am certainly the first Monarch that ever found a disinterested friend. Go, marry your lovely Emilia,

and

and enjoy the bliss of a domestic circle, which the cares of a kingdom deny me, and which alone can properly reward such consummate virtue."

On returning to the family, "Well, Hugh," cried Emilia, "what said the King?"

"Shall I tell you, Emilia?"

"Certainly."

"You will wish you had not asked."

"Never fear."

"He bade me, then, Emilia, come home and marry you."

"Nonsense; your title has made you foolish."

"Indeed, 'tis true; and I must prepare to obey the command of my sovereign."

Emilia began to be serious; but the family rallied her, declaring that she had been taken fairly by surprize; and, in spite of her opposition, appointed a day for the celebration of her marriage, and the performance of Richard's command.

The family longed to return to Turretville, Hugh having a greater levee than the King, ostensibly to congratulate him on his good fortune, but, in reality, to pay court to the King's favourite. They therefore took leave of the monarch, and retired to those scenes of tranquillity and enjoyment, which had suffered so fortunate an interruption; Richard promising to grace the nuptials with his presence.

Emilia

Emilia could not endure the idea of residing at Rockenalt, which Hugh therefore sold; first having effectually destroyed the subterraneous communication: the whole family agreeing still to live together in the castle of Turretville, which, considering that there were now no haunted apartments, afforded ample room.

Splendid were the preparations at Turretville. Every thing was confusion and pleasure: but Emilia, on whose account all this bustle was made, kept to her apartment like a timid hare, who fears to look abroad, yet hears the voice of the hunter. But how different the object of their fear! the hare trembles for it's life; Emilia (how strange the sentiment!) fears to be happy.

At length the banquet smokes in the hall; the sounds of music arise; lights

blaze within and without the walls; the courts are spread with provision; the hearts of the poor are made glad; Hugh and Emilia are married.

Richard, who would not suffer any restraint on account of his presence, led down the dance with Emilia; time passing away like an illusion of the imagination; so light, so gay, so cheerful was the scene.

The King departed in the morning, declaring that the last evening was the most cheerful he had ever spent; and congratulating Hugh on the certain prospect of his happiness.

The mind of Ibrahim had received by his intercourse with this amiable society, a turn more consonant to reason. Though he could feel no pleasure himself, he magnanimously resolved to render others happy;

happy; and departed with some regret, and much thankfulness, to cheer a parent's evening of life, and, if possible, to atone for his past neglect.

Sir Thomas still continued his favourite diversion of hunting; in which he was generally accompanied by his sons: on which occasions, the cottage on the borders of the forest was made in the way out or home.

The cottage was delightful to Sir Thomas, on account of it's situation; to William, as it was, in some measure, the work of his hands; and to Hugh, because it was there that Emilia first blest him with a declaration of her love.

Though Hugh had sold the Castle of Rockenalt, he kept the greatest portion of it's lands in his possession; settling on it his banditti, who were ever ready to lay

aside the sickle, and resume the spear, at the call of their beloved commander. The Lieutenant, however, would not be turned out of the castle, but took up his residence with Jasper, and, on every occasion that required confidence and dispatch, proved himself a valuable member of the society.

There was not a beggar to be seen on the estate. The aged and infirm were supported by Hugh's bounty; and he established schools, where youth were taught, in a simple manner, the relative duties of life, the art of war being the amusements of their leisure hours.

Long did the family enjoy uninterrupted peace. The distance that Hugh kept from every thing which concerned the state, made him powerful and respected. He never became a partizan, though he was often applied to mediate between parties,

parties, and his interference was seldom unsuccessful.

His affection for Emilia increased with his years. He was still the grateful, the respectful lover; for his passion had been founded on esteem, and those qualifications that never alter.

It was Emilia's pride to preserve undiminished the affections of her husband; with this view, she attended to what are generally considered trifles. She was particularly attentive to her dress, and her constant cheerfulness never degenerated into mirth; but her most powerful charm, and that which kept the firmest hold on his heart, was her native purity of mind. Beauty may kindle, but delicacy only can keep a flame burning with its original lustre.

They had one child, who was christened Richard, in compliment to the Monarch, who was his sponsor. Great were the rejoicings on the occasion, and great was the accession of pleasure to the parents, when they observed the buds of infant mind burst into blossoms of intelligence.

Their second child was also a son, and called Thomas, in respect to the Knight; but their third, and last, was a daughter, another Emilia.

William spent much of his time in the nursery, where the little family gained such possession of his affection, that he declared he would always remain a bachelor for their sakes.

In this design he was ever opposed by Hugh; who pressed him to marry, and

to

to be as happy as himself; assuring him, that his own fortune was amply sufficient to provide handsomely for his family.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE.

AT Messina, William had been accosted by a Page, who enquired if he wanted a servant.

"No," said he, hesitating, "I do not."

"I am

"I am sorry for that, Signor."

"Why so?"

"Because I hope I could please you."

"What are your qualifications?"

"In truth, Signor, of my qualifications I can say but little; but for my willingness a great deal. Do Signor, try me!"

The lad appeared to be about fifteen years of age, with eyes that sparkled intelligence; and there was something so interesting in his manner and entreaty, that William at length consented.

"What is your name?"

"Francisco."

"Well,

"Well then, Francisco, your request is granted."

Who was so happy, so busy as Francisco? he kept his master in mind of forgotten engagements, presented his hat when he went abroad; his slippers when he returned; and exerted himself, upon every occasion to anticipate his commands.

Francisco could play on the lute, and sing to it with a voice so ravishingly sweet, that he soon became almost necessary to his master's happiness; and was often employed to soothe him to repose.

This talent gained Francisco many friends in the family: indeed, he was a welcome guest wherever he came.

When they departed from Messin, poor Francisco, who was no sailor, was attacked

attacked with that deadly sickness, which is ever the effect of a first voyage; in the course of which his master was his nurse, to administer the sweet cordial of hope, and gentle encouragement, for which he was amply repaid in tears of gratitude.

Amid the tumult of war, Francisco, who did not appear to be calculated for such scenes, assisted William to put on his armour in the morning, take it off when he was relieved, and soothed the hardships of battle with the strains of his lute.

At Acon, William was attacked by that complaint resembling the plague, which carried off so many of the combined army, and by which even both kings had lost their hair. Francisco, though warned of his danger, would never leave him. He administered his medicine; sung, and played to him; talked of England, and the happiness he expect-

ed

ed to find in that island; which he was confident they should see together, in spite of the disease: and often forced a ray of hope to spread over features, which, it was easy to see, were already occupied by despair.

William's constitution at length triumphed over the disease. "Francisco," said he, "how can I reward your fidelity and kindness?"

"By promising, Signor," replied the youth, "never to part with me."

"That is a strange request. My interest is a much better security to you than my word."

"Nay, Signor, gratify me."

"Here, then, boy, is my ring, as a pledge of my promise."

Francisco

Francisco took the ring, and kissed it. "Thank you, thank you, Signor; I am now truly happy."

When the crosses returned, Francisco took up his abode at Turretville, to which place he was welcomed by Lady Greyfort and Emilia, who recollected with pleasure his performance on the lute, his gentle and fascinating manners, but, above all, his sincere attachment to his master.

They had not been long in England before the air was perceived not to agree with Francisco. His bright eyes no longer sparkled; his complexion lost its rose; and chearfulness seemed to be fled from his heart for ever. He wandered through the apartments in silence; his lute produced only the most pensive strains.

"Francisco,"

"Francisco," said William one evening, "I am sorry to see you look so ill; the climate does not agree with you."

"O Signor!" said the youth, bursting into tears, "remember your promise."

"I shall," replied William; "and if you thought a trip to Messina would relieve you, we would go and live a year there."

"O Signor! you are all goodness, bear with me only a little longer. I feel that I am dying!"

"No, no, you must not die, Francisco. Who is to sing me asleep? I shall want your service this evening."

William wanted no valet; when in bed he rang for Francisco.

Francisco

Francisco appeared unusually ill; he therefore feigned himself asleep in order to relieve him. Francisco was imposed upon; but, instead of retiring, sung the following air, accompanied with strains that might have drawn tears from marble.

In vain I weep, in vain I sigh,
My sorrows no compassion move;
Francisco in his shroud shall lie,
The victim of an hopeless love!
When wrapt in Death's eternal gloom
Should my sad story meet thine ear,
I know thou'lt seek Francisco's tomb,
And greet his spirit with a tear.

With an heavy sigh Francisco took his lute and departed.

Next morning William sent for the youth to his apartment. "Francisco," said he, "something tells me thou art in love." Francisco trembled, blushed, and would have fallen, had not William reached a chair. "Now, if this be the case, tell me frankly; not only I, but the

the whole family, will interest themselves in your behalf. You are a good lad; I will establish you; and I should think there is not a lass in the world, unengaged, who could have the heart to refuse Francisco."

"Indeed, Signor, you are deceived. Francisco loves no lass in the world like his master."

Some one entering, interrupted the conversation; and poor Francisco, still worse, was confined to his room.

In the sacking of Messina, William, who did not approve such severity, endeavoured as much as possible to hinder the rapacity of the soldiers.

Seeing some of his own men break into the house of a merchant, he followed, and, instead of suffering them to plunder,

der, placed them as guards at the door. The men cheerfully obeyed him, knowing that they should be ultimately gainers.

The merchant and his wife hailed him as their preserver, and offered wealth that would have purchased a principality. William, however, declined every thing but a plain gold ring. How great was his surprize when the domestic, who interrupted his conversation with Francisco, came to announce these persons. "O Sir!" exclaimed the merchant, "you refused our wealth, but robbed us of that which was ten thousand times more precious, an only child."

"You amaze me," cried William; "I did not even know you had a child!"

"O do not kill us with such dreadful tidings! Our only daughter left us as you left our house; and as all our endeavours

to

to find her have proved unsuccessful, what could we think but that you had seduced her from her duty, and borne her away!"

"Indeed, Sir, you do not know me. I scorn the business of seduction, and pity your misfortune."

"Beware how you destroy our last hope! We have sold our property at Messina, in the hope of discovering our lost child. Should we not find her, sorrow must end our days in a strange land. O, in pity, do not deceive us."

"I do not deceive you. One person alone followed me from Messina; that was a page: he now lies dangerously ill, and I would give half my fortune to save him."

"Can

"Can we see him? we may know him; he may give us some information of our lost child."

"Follow me," said William. They entered Francisco's apartment in silence, and undrew the curtain of his bed. Francisco shrieked; and the aged couple, falling on their knees, exclaimed, "It is our child! it is, indeed, our Jessy!" William, astonished at this intelligence, went to apprize the family. On his return he found the party somewhat composed, and received the thanks of the parents for his care of their deluded child.

"So, Jessy," said William, approaching the bed, "was it for such a simple fellow as me, that you left your father's house and went crusading?"

"Do not reproach me, Signor, my infatuation will soon terminate."

"You must not die. In Palestine you saved my life. I promised never to part with you. Here, Jessy, is my hand, though it is hardly worth your acceptance."

Jessy snatched it with fervor, and wept so incessantly, that he again left the room, to give her an opportunity of indulging her feelings.

"What an incomparable youth!" exclaimed her parents.

"He is the best, the worthiest of men," cried Jessy; "I know his value, and I fear my happiness will effect that which would, in a few days, have been the work of sorrow."

"William," said Hugh, "you will live single; you will die a bachelor!"

"I think,"

"I think," replied Willliam, "I ought to look foolish."

"Never care," said Lady Riverford; "be as foolish as you look, so you be happy."

Jessy recovered; was congratulated, and became an happy wife; and William found much more pleasure in the society of Jessy, than of Francisco, whose parents gave her a princely fortune, and built for themselves a neat mansion contiguous to the cottage on the borders of the Forest.

CHAP. XXVI.

Thus ends this strange eventful history.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the Baron recovered from his wounds he became quite furious. He cursed Richard, Hugh, and all mankind; but more than all mankind he execrated himself. "Fool, coward, that thou wert," said he, tearing his hair, and beating his forehead, "to let the fear of death wring from thee a secret that covers thy life with

with infamy a thousand times harder to endure: but I will prove to the world that I was not actuated by the fear of death. My dissolution shall be effected by my own hand." He would then appoint a time to commit suicide; but as the hour approached, his resolution failed, and he again fell into passions as violent as they were impotent.

After a time, however, he became as abject in adversity, as he had been insolent in wealth. To think that he who had been accustomed to look around, and see nothing but his own lands, covered with vassals, over whom he had almost the power of life and death whose law was his will, who fled at his command, and trembled in his presence, should be cooped up without a single domestic!—That he who had been clothed in purple, and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, should be reduced to sack-

cloth,

cloth, and the coarse scanty fare of a Convent. Indeed, indeed, it was piteous; and he would weep whole hours at his unhappy fate!

At length the Convent preacher, in a declamation, painted the flames of hell in such vivid colours, that the Baron's attention was diverted from his misfortunes to his crimes.

His brother's spirit scowled upon him in the long alles of the Convent;—the ghost of Sir Henry Riverford visited his dreams; and the figure of Lady Riverford, for whose existence he could not at all account, with skeleton hand undrew his curtain!

How should he rid himself of these horrid thoughts?

The

The church prescribed penance. He inflicted on himself a double portion. All night he said masses for the repose of the dead: all day he repeated his prayers, and wept for the sins of the living.

His peace of mind seemed to return in proportion as he practised severities that reduced him to a shadow; and he died not without hope of that forgiveness in Heaven, which, even in this world, had been extended toward him.

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